

MISCELLANIES

In PROSE and VERSE,

ORIGINAL and TRANSLATED.

By the Rev. WILLIAM RAYNER, B. A.

Of CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

And CURATE of WORLINGWORTH in Suffolk.

*Et vos, o lauri, Carpam, et te, proxima Myrte;
Sic posita quoniam suaves miscetis odores.* VIRGIL.



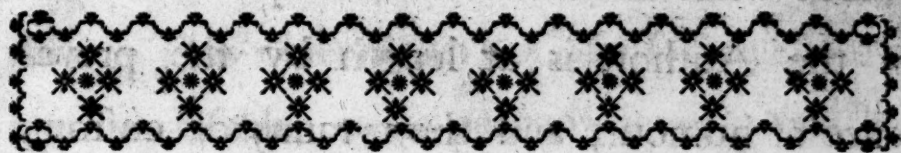
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PREFACE *to the Reader.*

IT was doubtless at first thought necessary by Authors to write something by way of preface to their *dear Readers*, in order to bespeak their favour, and win them over to a candid acceptance and approbation of their labours. This practice, as well as that of *Dedications*, is very antient; as may be seen in most of the writings of the Greeks and Romans, and indeed of the whole old Literary World in general.

*

But

But what at first rested merely in the will of the Author, is at length by the prevalence of humour, and the tyranny of custom, become absolutely necessary; and a man may as well appear at court without a friend, as a book enter into the world without an Introduction.

Accordingly, the subject matter of prefaces have been so far exhausted, and so many fine things have been said in this way, that it is almost impossible to strike out any thing new; and a man must either be reduced to the necessity of copying from others, or be very dull and insipid on so dry a subject.

It is the Observation of some Noble Writer, that as there is nothing appears easier, so there
is

is nothing in reality harder than writing a *good song*. This observation of his Grace is the more excusable, as he perhaps never knew the difficulty of writing a preface, and must therefore have been totally unacquainted with it.

It is certainly very hard upon poor Authors, that after having laboured to produce something that may be worthy the attention of the public, and worked themselves into a very good opinion of their own performances, they should at length find, that alas! their work is but half done; and that they have yet to labour thro' all the hardships of a preface; by persuasive Argument to prepossess the Reader in their favour, and to gain the approbation of *others* as well as of *themselves*.

With

With regard to the following pieces, they are entirely submitted to the Candour of the public; their Author is not so vain as to imagine, that they are without faults; on the contrary, he is but too sensible that they have many; and it would have been a great wonder indeed, if they had not. Some of them were written while he was very young, and all of them at an age that may lay some claim to indulgence from its Inexperience; to this may be added, that they make their appearance in the world *nearly* in the same dress that the Author first gave them. Poetry has been his amusement, but not his business: He never had the happiness of a friend to point out his faults, to correct his Errors, or to prune the Luxuriance of inattentive Fancy.

[vii]

No warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ear;
 Or timely whisper'd---- ' Daring youth forbear.'
 His Orphan Muse cou'd boast no friendly guide
 To check its ardour or restrain its pride :
 But Spleen instead, and side-long Envy strove
 To damn the verse, they wanted sense to prove :
 Yet artless Nature gave the line to flow
 Spite of the Coxcomb-smile, or Critic-brow.
 But had, O had, kind Heaven indulg'd a friend,
 Free to correct and candid to amend;
 With skill impartial every fault to shew,
 And draw each latent Error into view :
 The verse had then perhaps more smoothly flow'd,
 Some happier thought with heat intenser glow'd;
 Or more sincere had proved his judgment wrong;
 And sav'd him *labour* and the world a *Song*.

But to adopt the words of a late Writer on
 the like occasion, the Author is sensible it is
 now too late to complain; the die is cast, and
 he must abide by the sentence to be pronounc'd

on

on the Miscellanies as they now make their appearance, and he hopes his judges will be merciful; for as there are no more Copies printed off than what his friends have subscribed for, they seem the only persons qualified either to commend or censure.



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EDUCATED under your care and patronage in St. Paul's School, permit me to express my Gratitude, and the due sense I have of that honour and integrity with which you discharge the weighty trust committed to your care! A Trust the pious and worthy Founder well knew he could commit to none better than those who are daily employed in serving their King and Country, by encouraging industry, and promoting every laudable and virtuous design.

As a proof of that Gratitude which every one feels, or ought to feel, for favours conferred with Tendernefs and Honour, I beg leave to dedicate to you this juvenile production; these first Essays of youthful Fancy. Your candid acceptance of a Work, calculated to promote Religion and Learning, will add another obligation to the many already received, by

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Obliged, and

Most obedient humble Servant,

Worlingworth,
May 25, 1767.

WILLIAM RAYNER.

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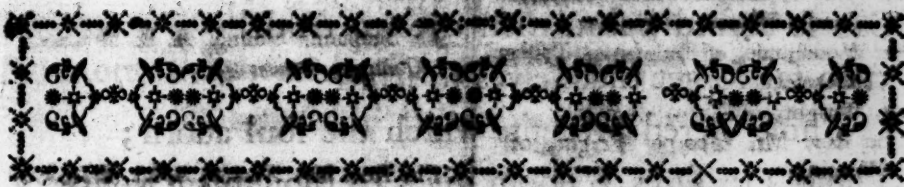
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PRINCIPAL ERRATA.

Preface, Page 4, for *dry*, read *trite*.—*ibid*, read, *that as nothing appears earlier*.
Book, Page 4, for *beat*, read *beata*.—Page 12, for *folius*, read *forvus*.—Page 20,
they (rithmi causa) for *them*.—Page 25, for *fletus*, read *fletus*.—Page 72, *Charibdis*
the deep gulph of poverty.—Page 79, line 2, *Too sure*.—Page 96, line 12, for *war*
ring, read *waring*.—Page 104, line 7, for *troubles*, read *struggles*.—Page 106,
line 4, for *the praise of Phyllis*, read *the love of Phyllis*.



CARPE DIEM.

Let not a moment be your own in vain.

I.

Favour'd of Heaven! who erst so nobly shone
Sublime on Wisdom's, as on *Salem's* throne!
Who, thro' thy wondrous knowledge, could'st explain
In so divine, so sweet a strain,
That all we think and all we do is vain!
That fondly wise, we look on earth for bliss!
But meet, for pleasure, with deserved pain:
O may my soul, freed from its native rust,
With joyful ardour to thy precepts fly;
There, still a youth, record I am but dust,
And with thee ponder what it is---to die!

A

Strange!

II.

Strange! that Mankind, by fatal Error born,
 Can so absurdly shut their eyes to truth!
 So far forget themselves to scorn
 Those sacred precepts which the soul adorn;
 Those Treasures Wisdom gives to thoughtful youth.
 Wilt thou, mistaken Mortal! still persist
 With wild ambition to behold a throne!
 To madly deem true peace can e'er consist
 In the gilt sceptre or the ermine gown?
 Deluded wretch! pursue thy senseless scheme,
 By every cursed art thy end attain;
 Then learn too late, that this thy golden dream,
 For lasting pleasure brings thee lasting pain!

III.

Perhaps thou ween'st that mirth and wine will give
 The happiness for which you sigh:
 Why then dissolved in sensual pleasures, live
 As if thou never wert to die.
 Quaff deep thy fancied immortality,
 And give to plain conviction, sense and truth, the lie!
 Haste to *Anacreon's* festive board,
 There join the jovial throng;
 Of noise and riot hail'd high Lord,
 Some modest damsel's name afford,
 To grace the ribald song!

But

[3]

But what ensues? alas! thy tottering frame
To dire disease and racking pains betray'd,
To thy eternal infamy and shame,
No more shall boast its former sprightly flame;

But quickly be convey'd
A poor, repentant, melancholy shade,
To the untimely grave thy thoughtless folly made.

IV.

Slave to his passions, ope to every vice
That can th' unthinking soul entice,
See easy Florio seek the fell abode
Of some base mercenary fair,
A painted living-sepulchre;
And in her arms forget himself and God.
Thro' each gay hour the madman revels on,
Women, and wine, and mirth his sole delight,
Till, e'er he has reach'd his prime, his glass is run,
And down he sinks into eternal night.

V.

But timely wise, my soul! do thou retire
Within thy chamber, commune and be still,
Repress the fallies of impure desire,
And learn obedience to th' Almighty's will.

Let vice be e'er so lovely in her mein,
 However drest to trap unwary youth,
 Shun her enticements, be not with her seen,
 But chuse the paths of Innocence and Truth.
 So shall no cares disturb thy peaceful breast,
 No heart-felt pangs of conscious guilt be thine :
 With health shalt thou, and length of days be blest,
 And after death in radiant glory shine
 Bright as an Angel-form, and as thy deeds divine.

VOTUM COELESTE;

Or, The HEAVENLY WISH.

Virtute beati vita conficitur.

By following Virtue, Life is truly blest.

WARM in pursuit of every transient joy
 The world can give, Youth heedlessly flies back
 From Virtue's proffer'd charms, and scorns to taste
 The more refin'd enjoyments of the soul!
 When sensual pleasure, drest in gay attire
 And gaudy tinsell'd shew, presents itself
 With every charm insidious, to the eye
 Of young *Bellair*, precipitate and rash,
 He heeds not, will not heed th' alarming pangs

Of

Of self-accusing conscience; these damp not
 His hot and feverish lusts : but all on fire,
 He rushes on to ruin, and for one
 Poor momentary transport gives up all
 His expectations of Eternal bliss !
 Lie there, too hapless Youth, unpitied in
 Thy fall ; since self-deceived, lie there ! and be
 To late posterity a sign to shew
 That endless years of heart-felt pain await
 Each vicious pleasure gratified.---A sure
 Tho' late reward from God's avenging hand.
 Hail heavenly Virtue ! be it mine each morn
 To sip new pleasures from thy crystal stream
 Of ne'er-exhausted Extasy.
 Thou the sole comfort of my longing soul !
 On Thee to wait is bliss ! Thee to obey
 Is never-ending Joy ! On Thee attend
 Sweet-smiling Innocence, and Temperance
 That wears upon her cheek the rosy bloom
 Of vigorous health ; whilst bright-ey'd Charity
 Looks down with love ineffable on all :
 And ever-pleased Religion offers up
 With fervency of spirit, her sincere
 Devotions to the throne of Heavenly Grace.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE my choice perpetual ! deign to ope
 Thy lucid stores ; of greater worth than both
 The *Inds*, tho' treble valued ; clothe my heart
 With every Christian Virtue ; that no joy,
 No pleasure of terrestrial mold pretend
 To curb those duties owed to God, to man,
 And to myself : Be thou companion sole
 To every step : Be thou my guide, my stay,
 If e'er Prosperity should smile success
 And, Syren-like, her charms in seemliest guise
 Awhile display, to wean me from thy ways ;
 Allure my soul from Heaven, and make me proud,
 Fantastically vain : O then, bright Goddess !
 Let me experience thy kindest aid ;
 Stretch out thy saving-arm ; nor let me fall
 To pride and vice a sacrifice abhorr'd !
 Or if the eye of Heaven shou'd frown averse,
 And dark Adversity's tremendous train
 Of black misfortunes should attendant fall,
 Hideous and terrible ; let me remember Thee :
 Serene and calm, still let me know myself ;
 And in the volume of my heart grave deep
 This maxim, --- " That th' afflicting hand of Heaven
 " Scourges with iron-rod, but to approve
 " Our Love to Thee !

Thee

Thee then, for its own sake, the world should chuse :
 But if accustom'd to the ways of vice
 It still shall scorn thy proffer'd charms, perverse
 And proud, let but the peace of mind, the calm
 Serenity thy votaries feel, be known ;
 Then will they croud with incense to thy shrine
 To pay thee homage ; while the hateful view
 Of former pleasures, and the vain neglect
 Of thy unmixed delights, madden the brain
 Beyond distraction horrid ! Lo deformed
 And ghastly-fearful rises to their sight
 The phantom of their murder'd time, and calls
 Aloud for retribution ! Spare them Heaven !
 With the bright ray of thy reviving grace
 Illuminate their hearts ; ere while immerst
 Deep in the bottomless abyss of darkness
 More than Cimmerian. Guide them in the path
 Of virtue ; mighty Lord ! and so direct
 Their minds, that Happiness, however late,
 May be their final lot ! that they themselves
 May own in transports of seraphic joy
 The pleasures that await on Thee !---may own
 That Thou alone art Happiness and Triumph.
 Self-convinced ! exultent in their choice !

An Epistle from a Young Lady to a Friend

MUSING o'er all the various scenes of life,
 To find if ought be worth the bosom-strife
 That oft impetuous wars within my breast,
 Clouds the bright day, and robs the night of rest;
 Makes all Creation's numerous beauties vain,
 And leaves my heart a prey to anxious pain:
 To you these solitary thoughts I send,
 That where I err, your Wisdom may amend.
 Hard 'tis to practice philosophic rules,
 The wise result or folly of the schools,
 While youth in all its blooming pride invites
 To brighter scenes of mirth and soft delights.
 When the gay dance and musick's charms should reign,
 And every rising morn new joys contain:
 But such my fate, condemn'd to gloomy care,
 Born but to sigh and drop the silent tear:
 To waste my morn of life in fruitless grief,
 For tears are vain and sighs yield no relief.
 Oh! tell my friend in what true Wisdom lies!
 Say---are the patient in affliction wise?
 Who calmly can resign to Heaven's decree,
 And rise superior to adversity?

Grant

Grant that they are ; can Youth the path pursue ?
 Is not the ascent too steep for me and you ?
 Blossoms alone the infant Springs produce ;
 Autumn must give the ripen'd fruit for use :
 So may the mind, when hoary Time has shed
 His snowy-honours on the reverend head,
 Gain fortitude those various ills to bear
 That load the youthful bosom with despair.
 It is, it must be hard, for souls like mine,
 Their inbred, native greatness to resign
 That dignity which Heaven itself bestow'd,
 Which, from the cradle, in my bosom glow'd :
 My infant breast, with Emulation fir'd,
 To actions worthy praise betimes aspir'd ;
 What pleasing Images then us'd to bless
 My mind, and form its greatest happiness.
 With pleasure oft alone whole hours I've spent,
 And took delight, for time to come, t' invent
 Schemes, when maturer years should leave me free
 To let my actions with my will agree.
 With Extasy I have in thought survey'd
 The Wretched, whom my hand had happy made ;
 Have seen the pallid cheek, the down-cast eye,
 Fix'd on the earth in deep despondency,

Rais'd to new life, to sprightly pleasure rais'd,
 And I, transporting thought! belov'd and prais'd.
 But where, alas! are those bright visions fled;
 Those airy schemes, by childish fancy bred?
 No more the glowing pictures warm my breast,
 Divert my hours or sooth my cares to rest:
 The sweet Ideas took a hasty flight,
 And different views perplex the troubled sight.
 Cares upon Cares damp every rising joy,
 As nipping frosts the early flowers destroy:
 From whence their Source, my Friend, you know full
 And piety forbids the Muse to tell. [well,
 But soft my pen! no more let sorrows flow;
 True Fortitude superior is to Woe.
 This brittle frame may sink, may fade away,
 And in the bloom of life return to clay:
 But nothing can the noble mind defeat;
 No---it corrects or is above its fate:
 Fix'd on the skies, serenely calm it views
 Life's varying scene, and Heaven alone pursues:
 Conscious that all we suffer here below,
 Does from th' unerring hand of Wisdom flow;
 Who but afflicts to make our virtues shine,
 To raise our grov'ling thoughts to things divine:

To

[11]

To wean us from the glittering toys of earth,
 And give, to Virtue's numerous graces, birth :
 Graces that often fade, or lie concealed
 In life's calm sunshine ; but in storms reveal'd.
 Then Fortitude and Wisdom upwards move,
 Cast off their clog of earth and soar above.
 Oh then, my Soul ! do thou with ardor rise,
 And wing thy towering flight to upper skies ;
 To fairer, future Worlds, to realms of bliss ;
 The seats of never-fading Happiness.
 There fix thy thoughts, then earth in vain may roll,
 Nature dissolve and shake from pole to pole,
 For nothing then can e'er thy peace or hopes controul. }
 These thoughts, my Friend, can soften every pain ;
 Thus arm'd, Affliction hurls his darts in vain :
 Supported thus, I can with patience wait,
 For better fortune, and a milder fate :
 Till happier days their beaming glories shed,
 And tranquil peace surround this weary head.
 No weak repinings from my lips shall flow :
 These only add to grief, and nourish woe.
 For cares, insulting cares, are most inclin'd
 To triumph o'er the weak dejected mind :
 But Fate is aw'd, and adverse Fortunes fly
 A chearful look and an undaunted eye.

P S A L M CXXXVII *paraphras'd.*

FAR from *Jerusalem*, once *Judea's* pride,
 Where great *Euphrates* rolls his swelling tide,
 Down by the streams of *Babylon* we sat,
 And mourn'd; O *Sion*! thy unhappy fate:
 Thy dreadful ruin still in thought renew'd
 Tears down our cheeks in gushing torrents flow'd;
 Our iv'ry harps that once attun'd thy praise,
 To joyful accents and triumphant lays,
 Mute on those trees that shade the streams are hung;
 Their joys neglected and their chords unstrung;
 For those who led us captive from our land,
 Did in our heaviness a song demand;
 Arise, said they, awake the sleeping lyres,
 And sing what *Sion's* sacred mount inspires.
 " Play us some brisk; some airy strain,
 " Such as your ancestors were wont to hear
 " On *Shilo's* pleasant flowery plain;
 " Where *Israel's* daughters in a shining train,
 " Met and danc'd jocund each revolving year."
 Insulting thus, *Jerusalem's* spiteful foe
 Laugh'd at our follies and enjoy'd our woe.
 Can we, forbid it goodness, stain the song,
 That does to Heaven's high Majesty belong?

Ah!

Ah! how shall we the sacred lyre prepare,
 And sing *Jehovah* to an impious ear?
 No, no Barbarians! 'tis not now a time,
 When every joy and every smile's a crime;
 'Tis not a time to let our bosoms know,
 Ev'n the least respite from oppressive woe.
 O dearest city, late our nation's pride,
 Envy of all the wond'ring world beside,
 If I forget thee; if or time or place,
 Thy glorious Structure from my soul deface;
 May Heaven in vengeance blast the hand that now,
 Makes the soft sounds in echoing musick flow:
 If thou, my country, in my highest joy,
 Do not the warmest of my thoughts employ,
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy lose its heat,
 And dead to joy my heart forget to beat.
 O Lord! remember *Edom* on that day,
 And with like sufferings their spite repay;
 Who curs'd thy people and exclaim'd around;
 Down with the city raze it to the ground.
 Till *Sion* buried in its ruins lie,
 Forget alike its place, its name, and memory.
 And thou too *Babylon*! on whom the fate,
 Of black destruction doth most certain wait,

Will

Will quickly fall; O happy shall he be,
 Who a like treatment shall retort on thee;
 And pay it deep with bloody usury.
 Happy whose sword shall strike the avenging blow,
 Who 'gainst the stones thy scarce-born babes shall throw.
 May he not spare, or age, or sex, till we,
 Confess thyself outdone in rage and cruelty.

P S A L M CXXXVIII *paraphras'd.*

TO thee, O great *Jehovah*! Lord and God;
 Who rul'st the world with thy commanding nod!
 To thee with joy my grateful voice i'll raise,
 And midst the heavenly chorus hymn thy praise:
 Before thy sacred temple will I bow,
 And humbly pay the adoration due;
 From *Salem's* altars shall the incense rise,
 And bear my vows in fragrance to the skies;
 Since thy great kindness and eternal truth
 Have blest my age and steer'd my erring youth:
 My tuneful numbers ever shall proclaim,
 Thy faith, thy goodness and immortal fame;
 When on thy name I call'd with fervent pray'r,
 My groans were pleasing and thou lend'st an ear;

With

With pitying eye my deep-felt sorrows view'd,
 And with fresh strength my fainting soul renew'd.
 Thee father, Thee to earth's remotest shore,
 Wide ruling kings shall honour and adore.
 From *Thule* shall their humble tribute bring,
 And in the sacred ways thy glory sing;
 Tho' on thy awful throne thou sit on high,
 Yet to the lowly thou art ever nigh:
 Thou smil'st on those who in thy mercy trust,
 But the big proud thou humblest in the dust.
 Me tho' a sea of evils cover o'er,
 Thy saving arm to vigour shall restore;
 Thy matchless hand my raging foes shall slay,
 And thy right hand my faltering virtue stay;
 Still to thy servant then thy love extend,
 Thy love eternal, and thy works defend.



P S A L M CXLIV *paraphras'd.*

I.

S U P R E M E *Jehovah!* awful king!
 My shield, my tower, my strength, my might:
 Who early didst my sinews string,
 And taught my youthful hands to fight:
 My hope, my fortrefs, my eternal good,
 The rock on which secure from harm I stood:
 Who upon high my head didst raise,
 Who mad'st the nations own my sway;
 And forc'd my people to obey;
 Thine be the glory! Thine the lasting praise!

II.

Lord! what is Man, that thou should'st mindful be
 Of him, who seldom thinks on thee!
 Or what am I, that thou wilt deign
 To kindly hear when I complain,
 And from his troubles set thy servant free!
 Frail man, whose days unheeded fly,
 And, like himself are spent in vanity!
 Man! whom one scarce can give a name
 Whose breath is nothing, and whose brittle frame
 Tho' small, yet vaunts it like a Deity!

Lord,

III.

Lord! bow thy throne; in glowing flames descend,
 The smoaking hills with pointed thunders rend:
 Dart thy keen lightnings on the haughty foe,
 And make them in confusion know
 The sacred vengeance of thy martial bow:
 Extend thy arm! my Saviour be!
 From swelling surges set me free!
 O let me not become a prey
 To those, whose mouths so proudly speak;
 Who dare their plighted promise break,
 And smile most courteous when they mean to slay.

IV.

Then, gracious Father! will I sing thy praise
 In songs, composed of new triumphal lays:
 The sounding lyre, the warbling flute;
 The tuneful pipe, and ten-string'd lute
 To Heaven itself thy glorious deeds shall raise.
 'Tis Thou hast given to kings their Might,
 And screen'd thy *David* in the doubtful fight:
 Let him not then become a prey
 To those whose mouths so proudly speak;
 Who dare their plighted promise break,
 And smile most courteous when they mean to slay.

V.

O may our Sons like lofty Cedars grow,
 Whose boughs, luxuriant, shade the mountain's brow :
 May our young Virgins iv'ry limbs appear
 As the bright pillars of the Temple fair :
 And may each cultivated field
 Still to the wealthy garner yield
 The joyous product of a fruitful year :
 May'st thou to thousands multiply or sheep,
 More than our folds can pen, our pastures keep :
 And make our oxen strong to bow
 Their chearful necks beneath the weighty plow.

VI.

O Lord ! preserve thy *Sion* free
 From insult, and captivity :
 Nor may we ever cry to Thee in vain :
 Far, far from hence the glittering spear,
 With all the gloomy pomp of war,
 And crown with peace thy servant *David's* reign.
 Happy must be the favour'd Land,
 And happy who such easy paths have trod :
 Whose scene of life,
 Devoid of strife,
 Blessings like these could still command,
 And boast the Sire Eternal for their God.

A PARAPHRASE of the FIRST PSALM.

I.
HAPPIEST of Mortals sure is he,
The Man who, void of guile,
Keeps from ungodly counsels free,
And herds not with the Vile.

II.
Who in the way of sinners ne'er
With impious rage has stood;
Nor with the Proud's malicious sneer
Exulted o'er the Good.

III.
For if in the Eternal's law
He place his chief delight;
And if with reverential awe
He reads it day and night:

VI.
Then shall he flourish like a tree
Two flowing streams between,
Whose fruits in season still shall be,
Whose leaves for ever green.

V.

What' er designs he has in view,
 What' er he takes in hand,
 All, all success shall crown he do,
 For God shall be his friend.

VI.

Not so the Godless wretches; they
 As chaff before the wind,
 Vindictive plagues shall sweep away;
 Nor leave a trace behind.

VII.

Hence: when the trump's alarming sound,
 Shall rouse the sleeping World,
 When Heaven's bright globes shall all around
 Be in confusion hurl'd.

VIII.

Then summon'd at the righteous bar
 Of Godhead to attend,
 Wide from the Just the Wicked far
 Appall'd with guilt shall stand.

IX.

For God with approbation knows,
 The good man's upright way,
 While finners, doom'd to endless woes,
 Shall rue they went astray.

H O P E.

H O P E.

HAIL sacred Hope; blest offspring of the skies,
 From Thee what boundless scenes of joy arise:
 Thou best, thou loveliest of the smiling Train
 That Heaven bestows to ease the cares of man!
 The keenest tortures Fate can give, you heal,
 And pour a balm on the worst ills we feel;
 Even death's grim face you smooth, and dress in smiles
 Love's doubts; and Fears thy mighty power beguiles:
 Without thee life wou'd prove a scene of woe,
 More than humanity cou'd undergo;
 For there's in life misfortunes to be found,
 Which, but for Hope, wou'd sink us to the ground.
 Raise then, O muse, thy grateful Voice to Heaven,
 Who kindly has this sweet companion given
 To ease the tortur'd mind, and sooth the breast,
 With future views of happiness and rest.
 My ardent soul does eagerly aspire,
 To catch a spark of Heaven's ætherial fire,
 To soar aloft, and reach that blisful seat,
 Where saints and angels perfect praise repeat;
 Where patient-suffering just rewards will find,
 And Hope resign it's office o'er the mind.

*VERSES wrote at the Request of a Friend,
upon the untimely Death of a young Gentle-
man who accidentally shot himself.**

A MAZING scene! no wonder that we dread,
To think of Death; when all beyond the grave
Is dark obscurity! and yet, to think
How highly needful! every passing hour,
Nay every moment, tho' unmark'd it flies,
Bears, unrelenting, thousands to their grave.
With silent step, but sure, and polish'd Scythe,
O'er earth and sea, old Time unceasing roams,
And mixes royal with plebeian dust.
Nor spares he Youth or Beauty: what avails
The bloom of vigorous health! the active pulse

* On the 13th of June 1766, Charles Williams, Esq; Fellow-commoner of Trinity-Hall, went out with his Gun alone, and was found dead near Grandchester Meadows about two in the Afternoon. It appeared from Circumstances, that he had rested the But-end of his Piece on one Side of a Hurdle Hedge (on which he probably was sitting) in order to replace the Rammer after Loading, and the Gun slipping (there being a deep Descent on that side the Hedge) something caught hold of the Trigger and he received the whole Charge in his Body. His Gun was found on one Side of the Hedge, and he with the Rammer in his Hand on the other. The Coroner's Jury brought in a Verdict on the Spot, accidental Death. He was buried at St. Edward's Church, Cambridge, his Pall (decorated with Copies of Greek, Latin and English Verses, composed by his Acquaintance as a respectful Tribute to his Memory) was supported by six Fellow-commoners of his College, all the other Gentlemen attending on the melancholy Occasion. Mr. Williams was 20 Years of Age, and would in a few Months have come to the Possession of a very plentiful Fortune. His untimely End was lamented by all; and his Loss severely felt by those who had the happiness of an intimate Acquaintance with him.

Of

Of manly strength; that dares the front of ill,
 And bids disease defiance; when to Death
 Ten thousand doors are open! witness this;
 This solemn Truth; Philander's hapless end
 Cou'd youth, cou'd beauty, cou'd each pleasing grace,
 Or noble Virtue, that adorns the mind,
 Refines its nature and exalts the soul
 To heavenly essence, charm the icy hand
 Of Death; stern king of terrors; or award
 The fatal shaft; Philander yet had liv'd.



An INVOCATION to NIGHT.

COME gentle Night, thou friend of the distress'd;
 Come and with balmy slumbers heal my breast:
 Propitious darkness! oft I bless thy reign:
 In thee I find some intervals from pain:
 Fatigu'd with Folly's senseless, vain parade,
 I seek content in thy sequester'd shade:
 Wrapt up in thee, the beggar and the king
 Are equal found, if guilt create no sting.
 Where that resides, in vain the downy bed,
 With rich Embroidery or silks is spread:

More

More genuine bliss, whose innate virtues flow,
 The humble tenant of a cot may know.
 Come then, and with thee true Religion bring,
 Whence calm content and resignation spring.
 If busy cares obtrude and shut out sleep,
 Thy awful hours still sacred will I keep;
 To meditate on Heaven and soar above,
 To those bright Realms; the abode of joy and love.
 To this the moon and glittering stars invite,
 Whose splendors yeild the serious mind delight.
 My exulting soul, with transport, views the day,
 When it shall leave this tenement of clay;
 And free to rove thro' every blisful seat,
 Tread all those glorious orbs beneath my feet:
 With Seraphs all their shining wonders view,
 Scenes ever fair and joys for ever new:
 In grateful hymns when I shall sing his love,
 Who died below that we might live above.
 Thus sweetly roving midst the trees of life,
 I banish every thought of care and strife:
 O cou'd I always thus the world defy,
 I need not wish to live, nor fear to die.

IN MORTEM JUVENIS.

HEU! cadis in prima correptus morte Juventa,

Quam cito supremum Fata tulere diem!

Sic æstate metit viridantes rusticus herbas

Germina sic urit vere pruina novo.

Non te cessabunt miseri plorare parentes

Vix poterit finem tantus habere dolor.

Dilaniant crines et candida colla sorores,

Plurima dum pulchras irrigat unda genas;

Et fundunt flectus fraterno more sodales

Fida tibi quorum pectora junxit amor.

Nil prodest doctas animum excoluisse per artes;

Profuit et musis dicere digna nihil.

Sæpe tua Thamefis requievit carmina cursus

Cumque suis Camus tardior ivit aquis:

Attamen ipse jaces vacuum sine mente cadaver!

Ab! vitam ventus, viscera vermis habet:

Da veniam, non vera loquor---tu vivus Olympum

Scandisti et inter sidera stella nites.

IMITATED. --- *On the Death of a young Man.*

ALAS dear Youth! how soon has cruel Death
 Destroy'd thy bloom, and stop'd thy tuneful breath!
 Thus in the Spring the Hind with joyful eyes,
 Sees the rich crop in beauteous order rise,
 And thus ere ripe descends a fatal frost,
 Nips its soft blades, and all his hopes are lost.
 Thy parents eyes with such sad sorrows flow,
 They scarce will ever know an end of woe:
 Dissolv'd in grief thy charming sisters tear
 Their snowy necks, and rend their golden hair;
 Whilst with fraternal love each weeping friend,
 In mourning state thy obsequies attend,
 And round thy sable hearse and round thy shrine
 Declare the tie that join'd their faithful breasts to thine:
 Nought it avails that thy bright soul was form'd
 With every grace---with every art adorn'd;
 That strains seraphic dwelt upon thy tongue,
 Soft and transporting as the Muses song.
 Oft has thy voice detain'd the rapid *Thame*,
 And oft thy musick charm'd the silver *Cam*.
 But ah! become the prey of rigid Death,
 Worms have thy body, and the winds thy breath.
 No: pardon, for I err, thy active soul
 Has reach'd its native skies and gilds the glowing pole.

Translated by another Hand.

ALAS! dear Youth, in prime of life he's dead!
 How soon the cruel Maids have clip'd his thread!
 So in the summer falls the ripen'd blade,
 So vernal frosts oppress the tender glade:
 What can allay thy wretched parents grief,
 Time's healing balm can yeild them no relief.
 Ah! what thy forrowing sisters heart-felt woe,
 Not penfive tears for ages taught to flow;
 And those who erst with pleasure call'd thee friend,
 Incessant weep for thy untimely end!
 Ah! what avail'd thy vast, extensive mind,
 With arts familiar, and with poets join'd.
 Tho' *Thames's* stream to hear thee ceas'd to flow,
 And tardy *Cam* to listen ran more slow.
 Thy breathless corse is now to worms consign'd,
 And thy great spirit to the fleeting wind.
 No pardon, for I err, that spark divine
 Is flown amidst its kindred stars to shine.

EXXXV
 EXXXVI
 53

A LETTER from EUSEBIUS to LORENZO,

Exhorting him to a timely Repentance.

ARGUMENT.

LORENZO by launching too early into the World, and by refusing the Advice of his best Friends, soon became one of the most abandoned Debauchees in Town: His Irregularities brought on him a Consumption, which in the End prov'd fatal. In his Illness he still remained insensible of his Follies, tho' so visibly punish'd by the Hand of Heaven: In hopes therefore of bringing him to a due Sense of his Condition, his Friend EUSEBIUS writes him this Epistle.

WHERE wou'dst thou, Heedless! lo! the shafts
of Death

Beset thee round: on thy devoted head:
The cup of wrath is pour'd! already on
Thy vitals prey corrosive sicknesses;
Whilst o'er thee Death, grim tyrant of this ball,
His dart shakes horrid; yet the strokes of Heav'n
Are vain to thee: to thee, deluded youth,
The day, the night roll on, unnotic'd.--wake!
To thee no time for trifling now remains:
Or quickly ope thy eyes to happiness,
Or thou must close them to ne'er-ending pain.
Yet is thy choice irresolute: Will not the hand
Of Heaven chastning mildly, nor the advice

OF

Of dearest friends, yet charm thy sickly soul
 From that foul Syren VICE: Can thy proud heart,
 Bow'd down thus low, resist the solemn call?
 O shame to Reason! know thy angered God,
 Dreadful Avenger of himself, prepares
 Infinity of torments for thy lot!
 How will the smile so lately worn by thee,
 Superior to thy fellows in the croud
 Of vanity, be turn'd to groans and tears!
 Each joy will fly, nor leave a trace behind
 To comfort thee; and every pleasure, now
 Thy fond delight, shall vanish into nought,
 Or change into variety of pain.
 To thee the grave can yield no shelter from
 The hand of Heav'n: But thou must live to taste
 The due reward of foolishness and vice.
 Yet see! thy Father willing to forgive,
 Anxious to save the offspring of his love,
 Still fondly waits to fold thee in his arms!
 Tho' long a prodigal, 'tis not too late
 To turn: the common Father of mankind
 Has mercy still in store, and wishest thou
 Wou'd taste the proffer'd kindness of his love,
 Nor force him to arouse his sleeping ire;

Which

Which in a breath, the twinkling of an eye,
 Can moulder thee to dust: yet give thee life
 To feel the bitter consequence! —
 Serious reflect, nor longer dare to tempt
 His ling'ring thunders! lo! a dying God,
 As the snow driven on the cloud topt Alps
 Or white-rob'd artless Innocence herself,
 That scorns th' alluring pleasures of the world,
 And wings her course direct to heaven, can cleanse
 Thy heart in deepest guilt immers'd. --- Seize then,
 O seize the moment that remains,
 For but the present moment is thy own.
 For thee the grave yawns wide: death's harbingers
 Around thee croud in varied forms of woe,
 O then be timely wise! yet offer up
 A heart smote deep with penitence sincere:
 Mercies are endless from the king of Heaven
 Let that cheer up thy drooping heart: Rugged
 At first the paths of good; but soon they wear
 A kinder aspect, and the lowring brow
 That check'd thy course, quick softens into joys,
 Immortal as the spring from whence they rise.
 Celestial virtue! timely then return;
 Add to the joy the blest inhabitants

Above

Above already feel; nay kindly add to mine,
To all who love thee; give me quick, my friend,
The Son of happiness! the son of God!

H O R A C E, BOOK I, ODE 12,
Paraphras'd.

I.

W HAT man, what hero, *Clio*, will you chuse,
What Deity, immortal Muse!

To the strung Lyre or sharp-ton'd Flute to sing?

Whose name shall sportive playful Echo, round

The shady borders of fam'd *Helicon*

Or *Pindus*' towering heights resound?

With whose just praise shall snow-clad *Hæmus* ring?

Whence the woods promiscuous throng:

Th' enchanting *Orpheus* led along

Who, by maternal skill,

Stop'd the fleet winds, the rapid brooks,

And sweetly drew the list'ning oaks

With his harmonious quill

H.

II.

What nobler Theme than his accustom'd praise

Th' almighty Sire! who governs earth and seas,

Th' affairs of men and gods, the universe!

Who does each grove and plain and cool recess,

With sweet vicifitudes of Seasons bless?

Him, first of Beings! first in glowing verse,

Muse let us sing! for more august than Jove

Dwells none in earth below, or Heaven above:

Yet *Pallas*, Queen of ev'ry art

Who glads the sense and mends the heart

With Wisdom's potent beam;

High o'er inferior Being rais'd,

Next *Jove* himself is ever prais'd

And reigns, next him, supreme.

III.

Nor, bold in arms, in battle bold, will I

In fameless silence pass thee by

O *Bacchus*! nor, chaste Goddess thee

To savage beasts an Enemy:

Nor thee, O *Phæbus*! dreaded much below,

For thy unerring shaft and sacred bow:

Alcides too! and *Leda's* sons I'll sing,

One in the race, the other in the ring

Great

Great and renown'd ! whose most propitious star,
 Soon as, emerging from the gloom of night,
 The happy Sailors view from far,
 Grac'd with superior beams and well-distinguish'd light ;
 Foams down the rocks the broken surge,
 The winds no more their fury urge,
 The clouds, disparted, flee ;
 The boist'rous winds, again at ease,
 (So will those shining Deities)
 Subside into the sea !

IV.

The Gods and heaven-descended Heroes praise,
 Thus in majestic numbers sung ;
 From dark Oblivion's envious shades to raise
 Next into Fame, the mortal Chiefs among ;
 For whom shall now the sounding lyre be strung :
 Charm'd into doubt, by rival worth, the Muse
 Scarce knows where first to fix the hallow'd strain :
 If *Rome's* great Founder she her theme shall chuse,
 Or pious *Numa's* wife and peaceful reign !
 If lofty *Tarquin's* pompous state
 With equal pride she shall relate,
 Or *Cato's* glorious Death !

E

Who

Who, when a Tyrant had decreed
To make his Country's Freedom bleed,
Resign'd his patriot breath.

V.

Warm'd with the glowing thought, which deep imprest,
Burns with with a gen'rous ardor in my breast,
In loftier strains and consecrated lays,
Sing we immortal *Regulus's* praise!
Paulus, whom dread of death cou'd ne'er controul,
(At *Cannæ* lavish of his *Roman* soul!)
The noble *Scauri* steady to their trust,
And good *Fabricius* obstinately just.

Harsh want and penury severe,
A small hereditary field,
A lowly cot, expos'd and bare
To Summer's furs and Winter's chilling air,
Did great *Camillus* to his country yield,
And gallant *Curius*, with dishevell'd hair!

By imperceptible degrees,
Marcellus fame, like tender trees,

To height ætherial grown:

This *Julian* star, irradiant light!

Shines, midst them all, supremely bright;

As, midst the Stars, the Moon.

VI.

VI.

Parent and Guardian of mankind,
 Great son of *Saturn* ! to thy care
 The Fates illustrious *Cæsar* have consign'd,
 Lately our much-lov'd monarch here :
 'Tis thine in Heav'n, o'er Gods supreme to reign,
 While mild *Augustus* takes the charge of Men !
 Whether, in stately triumph borne,
 Aloft in his imperial car,
 He drives the vanquish'd *Parthians* on,
 Who dar'd to prove his might in war :
 Or wing'd with fury o'er the hostile plains,
 Impels the haughty *Seræ*, fierce, in chains !
 To thee alone inferior, He
 Below shall rule the Earth and Sea,
 While you in Heaven above ;
 In thy cælestial chariot born
 Shall thro' its radiant courts be drawn,
 And its foundations move :
 Thy hand shall lance red lightnings on the groves,
 Stain'd and polluted with immodest loves.

On EMPLOYMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT time *Eliza* glides so sweet away,
 As when we in Employment pass the day.
 The hours roll gently on and bring content,
 The sure reward of time discreetly spent.
 The soul with pleasure views each action past,
 And calmly meditates upon the last :
 The last undaunted meets, and with a smile,
 Death's gloomy train of horrors does beguile.
 Those who make mirth and frolick all their aim,
 Know nought of solid pleasure but the name :
 It is not rambling to each public place,
 The first in fashion or the first in face,
 Can real joy or heart-felt pleasure give,
 Much less is it the end for which we live.
 Reason's æthereal spark was ne'er design'd
 To waste on toys ; but raise the immortal mind
 To reach at Infinite, and soar above,
 To perfect views of harmony and love.
 With pious Young I take delight, to trace
 With reverential awe our heavenly race ;

To

To learn to pay my soul her homage due,
 And her bright hopes with extasy pursue.
 Yet my *Eliza*, we must sometimes find
 Them's less exalted for the youthful mind :
 Diversions when well-tim'd, and justly chose,
 Neither good sense nor reason can oppose :
 They gild life's bitter pill, which many know
 To be alas ! eternal war with woe.
 And none, not ev'n the happiest, are quite free
 From cares of greater or of less degree.
 Then happy they whom bounteous Heaven has blest
 With sense to judge, and will to chuse the best :
 Whose passions gently to their judgment yield,
 And Reason gloriously maintains the field.
 O could thy Friend the lofty summit gain,
 Who pants to reach these dazzling heights in vain :
 Come thou and teach her erring steps the way,
 Blest in thy converse can *Amelia* stray ?

* * * * *

GAY *** V. 2
 GAY *** V. 2
 33

On

On DEATH,

Alter'd from an OLD MANUSCRIPT.

I.

WHEN we perceive no violence,
And in our health and vigour trust,
A secret power oft takes us hence,
And lays us silent in the dust.

II.

Yet heedless, still we run our race,
As if Death's summons we cou'd wave,
And think not on the narrow space
Between the cradle and the grave.

III.

But since from Death there's no reprieve,
Our Souls and Fame we sure should mind;
Those will our mortal part survive:
That goes beneath, those stay behind.

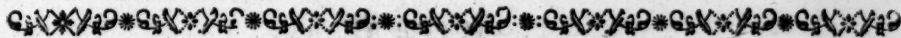
IV.

If I be sure my Soul is safe,
And that my actions will provide
My tomb a nobler Epitaph

Than, ' that I only liv'd and died.'

V.

Then young or old, or well or ill,
 Alike Death's summons I'll attend;
 Chearful and pleas'd await his will,
 And call the King of Terrors friend.



The ADMONITION.

DO not in every friend's advice confide:
 Think your own reason still the safest guide.
 Your own affairs are to yourself best known,
 Then deem no counsel better than your own.



Then young or old, or well or ill,
Alike Death's summons they attend;
Cheerful and pleased await his will,
And call the King of Terrors friend.

ADMONITION

Do not in every friend's advice confide;
Think your own reason still the latest guide;
Your own affairs are to yourself best known;
Then deem no counsel better than your own.





A

LETTER of ADVICE

FROM

ISOCRATES,

An ATHENIAN Orator and Philosopher,

To his Friend and Pupil DEMONICUS.

WE shall find from experience and observation, my DEMONICUS, the sentiments of the Good and the opinions of the Bad, differing widely in many respects; but there is nothing points out this distinction between the Virtuous and the Vicious so clearly, as *their respective intimacies with each other*; for these honour their friends while they are *with them* only, but those continue to love and esteem them *when absent*, and even at the greatest distance: And indeed a little time has been found sufficient to dissolve the connections of the Bad; but no lengthen'd period, no encrease of age, could ever obliterate the endearments of the Good. Convinced therefore, that it highly concerns those who aspire after glory, and are desirous of wisdom, to imitate the virtues of the one; but by all means to avoid the practices of the other, I send you this Letter as an earnest of that friendship that subsists

F

be-

between *us*, and as a token of my intimacy with *Ipponicus*, your late illustrious father. For Sons should succeed not only to their Sires inheritance, but to their friendships also. And here I observe, both Fortune favouring and the present season assistant to us: For you are earnestly desirous of instruction, and I make it my endeavour to instruct others. You are yet diligently studying philosophy, and it is my business to direct philosophers in their pursuits.

Now, as many as pen preceptive lessons for their pupils, exhorting them to industry, and the acquisition of knowledge, undertake indeed an amiable work; yet they do not employ themselves in the noblest province of Philosophy: But those who carry their views farther, and inform youth, not only by what methods they may arrive to the skill of exercising that power of Eloquence so captivating in its delivery, but also how they may appear from the propriety of their demeanor to have been *naturally* good; both with regard to their dispositions and manners: These advantage their pupils so much more than the former, as They only instruct them in *Eloquence* and the arts of persuasion; but These likewise cultivate their manners, polish their understandings, and teach them the acquirements of Real Virtue.

Wherefore, as I am not penning an *Exhortation to study*, but writing a *Collection of Precepts for use*, we will consult* together of what it concerns Youth to be desirous, and what they should be careful to avoid; what company they ought to chuse, and in short, how to direct and regulate the whole tenor of their lives. For such as have set out in this way of life, those, and those alone, have been truly able to arrive at *Virtue*; than which, no possession is more honourable or more lasting: For Time sure hath consumed Beauty, or sickness deflowered it; and Wealth is too oft the minister of Vice rather than of Virtue; furnishing the means of idleness, and alluring youth to pleasure. Strength, indeed, accompanied with prudence, has been serviceable; but without it, has often

* How different from the modern Pedagogue!

often been the ruin of its possessors. It has indeed graced the limbs of a Wrestler; but at the same time it has ensavaged the mind, and thrown a cloud over the careful regards of the soul. But the breast that possesses *Virtue*, and in which it has been cultivated from infancy unmixed and pure, will still continue to possess it, with encrease of glory and happiness, *to the latest moment*. It is a good more profitable than riches; more excellent and useful than nobility; making what is impossible to others, natural and easy to its possessors. What alarms and terrifies the croud, it sustains with intrepidity and courage; deeming idleness a disgrace, but labour an honour. This is easy to collect, as well from the labours of *Hercules*, as from the heroic deeds of *Theseus*; on whose achievements the probity of their manners stamped such an indelible mark of glory, that not even Time itself shall be able to draw oblivion over their magnanimity and virtues. And further, by reflecting on your Father's course of life, you will have a domestic and fair example of those excellencies I have mentioned above: For he passed thro' life, neither disregardful of *Virtue*, nor prone to Indolence; but inur'd his body to labour, and steeled his nerves by exercise; while he had a soul prepared to encounter every difficulty and sustain every misfortune, whether natural or moral. --- He esteemed not riches above their real value; but enjoyed his wealth as one mindful of mortality, and at the same time, was as careful of it as if he was to live for ever. Nor yet liv'd he *meanly*: He was fond of elegance and becoming grandeur; benevolent and hearty in his Friendships; and had a greater value for those who really loved him, that courted his acquaintance thro' amiable motives, and consulted his interest and welfare equal with their own, tho' no otherwise allied to him, than for his nearest relations; whose duty it was so to do: For it was his opinion, that *sympathetic esteem* is a stronger and more endearing tye than *law*; a *similitude* of thoughts and manners, than *blood*; and *choice*, than *slavish necessity*. But Time itself would fail me, and Death arrest my

pen, ere I could enumerate all his Virtues ; neither will the bounds of a letter permit me at present to expatiate on a Theme which I could otherwise so delight to dwell on. I shall therefore enlarge more fully upon it another opportunity. Suffice it now, to have given a sketch only of the qualities of your Sire; an example which you ought to imitate and live up to, as a standard of real Excellence and true Nobility; esteeming his manners sacred as a law, and approving yourself the Copyist and Emulator of *paternal Virtue*. For shameful would it be, that Painters delineate the beauties of Animal Nature, while Sons neglect to imitate the virtues of their Parents. Believe me, it concerns not the Wrestler* more to train himself up to be a match for his antagonist, than it concerns You to consider how you may equal your Father's glory. But 'tis impossible that the mind should be thus disposed, which is not fraught with many and excellent precepts: For as the body is naturally improved by exercise, so is the soul by Reason and precept. It shall now therefore be my business, briefly to suggest to you, how you may appear to me to make the greatest advancement in your endeavours after Virtue, and by that means be render'd illustrious to all posterity.

I.

In the first place, then, revere whatever relates to Heaven; not only giving alms and sacrifice, but religiously adhering to your oath; for the former is an indication only of wealth, but the latter of integrity and an upright soul.

II.

Omit no opportunity of worshipping God, and more especially in public with your people; thus will you be deemed a religious man, and tenacious of the laws.

III.

Behave so to your parents as you could wish your children to behave to you.

* See West's Pindar.

IV.

Stand in awe of God, do honour to your parents, respect your friends, and pay due obedience to the laws.

V.

Use such bodily exercises as conduce rather to health than encrease of strength and display of vigour: This point you will gain if you withdraw from diversion while yet capable of pursuing it.

VI.

Be not given to sudden laughter, nor approve of boastful, petulant discourse: The one is Folly, the other Madness.

VII.

What is shameful in the act, think also as shameful to discourse on.

VIII.

Be not austere and gloomy, but serene and grave: The first is a mark of arrogance, the latter of merit.

IX.

Think decency of dress, modesty, justice and temperance, highly becoming you: For these virtues, amiable in any period of life, are particularly so in youth.

X.

Never, having done an unworthy action, hope to conceal it; for should you be able to hide it from the World, your conscience must be privy to it and condemn you.

XI.

Hunt after pleasures whose fruit is honour: Pleasure with innocence is noble, without it infamous.

XII.

Dread Calumny tho' ill-grounded; for the croud, incapable of seeing truth, look only to report.

XIII.

XIII.

Consider all you do as actions no one will be ignorant of; for tho' you may conceal a thing for the present, it may hereafter too be known.

XIV.

You will gain a lasting esteem, if you are never known to do that you condemn in others.

XV.

If you are fond of Knowledge, you shall abound in Wisdom.

XVI.

What you know, retain by exercise and frequent meditation; what you do not know, add to what you do by study and listening to instruction: For it is equally shameful, having heard a good discourse, not to profit from it, as when offer'd a valuable gift by your friends, not to accept of it.

XVII.

Employ all your leisure moments in eagerly attending to the lips of Wisdom: For thus, what others have invented with difficulty and labour, you will attain to the knowledge of with ease.

XVIII.

To treasure up Knowledge esteem more excellent than accumulating Wealth: For riches take wing and flee away, but knowledge endureth for ever. Other goods are transient and uncertain, Wisdom is the only immortal inheritance.

XIX.

Deem it not irksome visiting foreign countries to see men who profess the teaching of something useful; for 'tis a blemish to high birth, that while Merchants cross such vast seas for the sake of gain, Youth of generous descent, cannot bear travels even by land, to refine and perfect their understandings.

XX.

XX.

In salutations be affable, in conversation polite: 'Tis the part of affability to salute those you meet; of politeness, to converse with condescension and familiarity.

XXI.

Be kind and obliging to all; but intimate only with the Good: Thus you will gain esteem, and offend nobody.

XXII.

Talk not too much in company, nor dwell too long upon the same subject; for there is a satiety of all things.

XXIII.

Use yourself to voluntary exercise, that upon occasion you may bear involuntary labour.

XXIV.

Passions it would be a disgrace for the Soul to be enslaved to; over all such keep the strictest rein, as Avarice, Rage, Voluptuousness, and Grief: You will conquer Avarice if you learn to prefer esteem to gold; and Anger, if you treat those the same who offend you, as you would like to be treated by those whom you offend: You will refrain from excess of Pleasure, if you deem it shameful to keep domesticks in obedience, and at the same time to be a slave to appetite: You will master Grief, by considering the misfortunes of others, and remembering that you yourself are but a man.

XXV.

Be you intrusted with a secret? keep it more religiously than a deposit of gold; for a good man's *word* should be more sacred than another's *oath*.

XXIV.

Think it equally as reasonable to distrust the Vicious, as to put confidence in the Worthy.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Secrets of your own reveal to no body, unless silence concerns those you acquaint with them equally as it does yourself.

XXVIII.

Swear, if required, upon two occasions; either to vindicate yourself from an ignominious charge, or to rescue your friends from danger and injustice: But for the sake of your own money, never call God to witness your words, not tho' you could do it ever so assuredly; for to some you may appear perjured, to others a slave to interest.

XXIX.

Admit no one into your friendship, till you have first diligently enquired how he has behaved to his former friends; for expect he will behave the same to you as he has to them.

XXX.

Be slow in contracting friendships; but once a friend, always endeavour to remain so: For it is not more disgraceful to have no friend at all, than to be frequently changing.

XXXI.

Try not a friend to your own disadvantage, neither chuse to be ignorant of his sincerity: This you may effect by craving his assistance when you least stand in need of it.

XXXII.

Communicate trifles as things of moment; for should your friend discover them, you sustain no damage; and if he be secret you will know him the better.

XXXIII.

The tests of sincerity are peril and misfortune: Form then your judgment of a friend from his generosity in your need, and his sharing in your danger; for as gold is tryed in the fire, so is friendship in distress and affliction.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

You will oblige your friends in the most endearing manner, if you wait not for their entreaties, or stay till they crave your assistance; but offer it when necessary of your own accord: For deem it alike disgraceful to be excelled in generosity by friends, as to droop at the attacks of Malevolence and Envy.

XXXV.

Esteem as friends, not only those who grieve for your adversity, but such as also do not envy you in your prosperity: For many condole with their friends who are in affliction, but look not with an easy eye on their happiness or promotion.

XXXVI.

Make honourable mention of your absent friends to those who are with you, that they may think you will not set light by them in their absence.

XXXVII.

Aim with regard to Dress, to appear with elegance, but avoid glare and ostentation: The man of elegance studies what becomes him, the man of ostentation, what may make him appear great and particular.

XXXVIII.

Value not your Gold as an immense heap, but as the means of rational enjoyment.

XXXIX.

Look down with contempt on the wretches who are anxiously solicitous to encrease their wealth, yet have neither the heart nor the knowledge to use that they are possessed of. These labour under the same vacuity of brain, as one who should purchase a fine horse tho' he knew not how to ride him.

XL.

Make your estate a *real good*, as well as a possession. Riches are wealth indeed to those who are skilled to make a right use of them, but a mere possession to those who have not souls adequate to the wise and just employment of them.

XLI.

Know how to value your possessions, and live with *caution* on *two accounts*; first, to provide against any great loss that may befall you; secondly, that you may have it in your power to assist a worthy friend in his distress and necessity: As to the other regards of life, be this your rule; rate nothing above its true value, but like every thing with moderation.

XLII.

Be pleased with what you have, but fail not when opportunity serves to improve it.

XLIII.

Upbraid no one with his misfortune; for chance is common to all, and futurity invisible and uncertain.

XLIV.

Do acts of kindness to worthy men; for gratitude due from the Good is a noble treasure: But by shewing kindness to the Unworthy, you will meet with the same returns as those who feed other men's dogs; for they bark at those who feed them equally as at strangers; and wicked men injure their friends as readily as their enemies.

XLV.

Detest Flatterers as you would common cheats; for either, having gained belief, will injure those who put confidence in them.

XLVI.

XLVI.

If you prefer such friends as flatter your vices, you will scarce find thro' life such as will chuse to incur your hatred by telling you what is for your good.

XLVII.

Be free and easy in conversation with those you discourse with, and not stately or reserved; for that haughty and contemptuous air of the Proud, even slaves can scarce put up with from their masters; but the affability of the condescending is endearing to all.

LXVIII.

You will be polite and affable if you shun disputes, and are not morose, quarrelsome, or contentious on slight occasions; not roughly opposing your friends in their wrath, tho' they should be angry without any reason; but, giving way to them in the heat of their passion, reprehend them when they are cool.

XLIX.

Affect not gravity when talking of trifles, nor aim at raillery on subjects of importance; for unseasonable discourse is always disgusting.

L.

Never confer favours with reluctance: This is a foible many labour under, who serve indeed their friends, but with so bad a grace, that no one thinks himself obliged by their assistance.

LI.

Be not fond of accusing others, for it creates disgust; nor prone to reprehend, for it excites resentment.

LII.

Be religiously cautious in drinking-assemblies, and rise opportunely, before you be inebriated; for when the understanding is confused by wine, it is like a chariot which has slung its driver:

For as a chariot, wanting a directing hand, is hurried along without order or regularity, so the soul, without the guidance of reason, continually labours under Error and Deception.

LIII.

Cherishing a greatness of soul will give you a taste for immortality; and a moderate enjoyment of worldly possessions will render mortality not only easy but comfortable.

LIV.

Esteem Knowledge on this account more excellent than Ignorance; as all other vices almost are attended with some gain; but ignorance is productive of nothing but detriment.

LV.

Speak frequently in commendation of those you would make your friends, to such as will tell them again; for praise is the beginning of friendship, as dispraise is of enmity.

LVI.

When you deliberate on things of moment, look upon the past as samples of the future; for we form the readiest judgment of what is obscure from what is manifest.

LVII.

Deliberate leisurely, but once determined, immediately execute.

LVIII.

Look upon success annexed to our honest endeavours, as the greatest blessing we can owe to God; Prudence and mature consideration, as the best we can owe to ourselves.

LIX.

With regard to emergencies which you care not to mention openly, and which yet you would be willing to communicate to some particular friends, to know their opinion of, introduce them
in

in discourse as the concerns of another; by this means you will learn their sentiments, and hazard no danger of a discovery with respect to yourself.

LX.

When you are about to consult with another upon your affairs, observe first how he has managed his own; for he who has judged indiscreetly about what concerned himself, never can advise prudently about the affairs of another.

LXI.

You will most powerfully be incited to deliberate and consider, if you weigh the calamities which arise from temerity: For we are then the most sensible of the value of health, when we reflect upon the horrors of sickness.

LXII.

Imitate the manners of kings, and follow their customs; thus you will seem to approve of and emulate them, by which you will reap a double advantage; you will advance yourself still higher in the esteem of the people, and bind their affections by a stronger tie.

LXIII.

Pay due obedience to laws enacted by kings, yet deem their own examples the strongest law: For as a person who lives in a Republic is obliged to respect the people, so he who lives under a Monarchy, ought to venerate a king.

LXIV.

In a public post, use no vicious minister; for whatever he shall do amiss, will certainly be laid to you.

LXV.

From public employments retire not the richer, but the more glorious; for the applause of the public is preferable to accumulated wealth.

XLVI.

LXVI.

Neither assist nor patronize a bad action ; for you will be thought to do the same things you approve of in others.

LXVII.

Acquire the power of acting with freedom, but always direct your actions by equity ; that you may appear to love justice not out of weakness, but for its own intrinsic excellency.

LXVIII.

Prefer honest Poverty to dishonest Riches ; for justice is far more eligible than wealth ; as the latter only profits its possessor in life, but the former confers glory even upon the dead. Riches may be the portion of the Bad, but equity is the *property* of the Good, and an impossible acquisition to the vicious.

LXIX.

Wish not to emulate those who are gainers by injustice, but rather admire those who suffer in the cause of integrity and virtue : For if the Good excel the Bad in nothing else, they certainly have the advantage of them by lively hopes in futurity.

LXX.

Be regardful of whatever may conduce to a happy life ; but above all, omit not to exercise and improve your understanding : For a *wise head* and a *good heart* are the noblest parts of the human frame.

LXXI.

Endeavour to habituate your body to labour, and exercise your soul by the study of wisdom, that the one may be able to execute what you shall resolve upon, and the other be skilled to foresee whatever may turn out to your advantage.

LXXII.

Weigh well first in your mind whatever you are about to say, for with many persons the tongue runs before the judgment.

LXXIII.

LXXIII.

Deem nothing certain in human life; for thus neither will prosperity elate, nor adversity too much depress you.

LXXIV.

There are two opportunities when you may talk with safety: Either when a subject is started with which you are thoroughly acquainted, or when the nature of things render it necessary: For in these two cases alone, speaking is better than silence; in others it is more prudent to be silent than to speak.

LXXV.

Take a just pleasure in prosperity, and grieve not immoderately in adversity, yet act not thus, in either case, openly to all; for it is absurd to conceal our substance in our houses, and yet suffer our minds to be visible to strangers.

LXXVI.

Guard against an ill name even with more caution than you would against danger; for the conclusion of life, happen when it will, *ought* to be dreadful to the Wicked; but Infamy alone ought to be so to the Good.

LXXVII.

Aim by all means to live in Security; but if ever obliged to run the hazard of War, seek life and safety with honour; but never with Disgrace. Providence hath determined all shall die; but Nature and Equity allow none but the Good and Brave to do so with honour.

LXXVIII.

You must not wonder if many of these Precepts are unsuitable to you, at your present early period of life. This is a point I am by no means ignorant of. On the contrary, I am sensible many of them are and will appear so; but I chose, at one and the same time, both to give you instructions with regard to the present, and also to counsel you how to conduct yourself for the time to come. You will

will easily *now* perceive the utility of these Precepts; but you will not always find a sincere and benevolent Councillor. That you may not therefore be to seek for the rest from another, but find them in this essay, as in a Storehouse, I looked upon it, that I ought to omit nothing of what I have to advise you; and I shall return Heaven my sincerest thanks, if I am not deceived in the opinion I have conceived of you: For we find of most men, that as they are fond of the sweetest rather than the most wholesome Food; so also, with regard to their choice of Friends, they readier associate with those who participate in their vices, than with such as give them good Counsel: But you I think have determined upon the contrary demeanor; as you have hitherto been diligent in every other kind of study: For he who has always commanded himself in what he knew to be good, one would naturally imagine will listen willingly to another's just exhortation.

LXXIX.

You will most eagerly aspire after Virtue and virtuous actions, if you are well convinced that the purest and most sincere pleasure springs from them alone; for to indulge in Sloth and a love of Luxury, if they can be deem'd pleasures, grief and anxiety immediately adhere: But from Labour to obtain Virtue, From Temperance and Regularity of Life, flow the most sensible and lasting Joys. In the first case, we have a transient pleasure, but are afterwards pain'd. In the latter, after a few struggles, comes real and solid Satisfaction.

LXXX.

In all our Actions, we have not so lively a remembrance of the beginning as of the end: For we do most of our actions, not for ourselves, but for the sake of their consequences.

LXXXI.

Look upon it that the Wicked are capable of doing any thing. It is the ground-work of all their actions, and the standing rule by which

which they conduct their lives; but with good men, it is impossible to slight Virtue or be disregardful of censure: For men detest not so much the *openly flagitious*, as those who *call* themselves *virtuous*; and yet differ in *nothing* from the *Vulgar*. This is deservedly the lot of *Hypocrisy*: For if we condemn those who deceive us in *talk only*; how much more infamous shall we call those men, who, *pretending* to goodness; were never *really* possessed of *one Spark* of Humanity thro' their whole lives. Men of this stamp are not only injurious to themselves, not only neglect their own welfare; but even throw dirt in the face of Fortune; who, when she has put wealth, honour, and friends, into their power, behave so as to be totally undeserving of such felicity.

LXXXII.

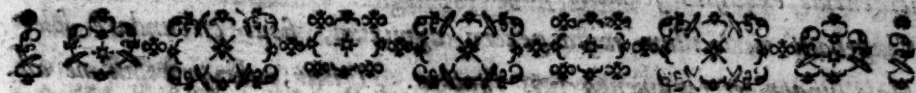
Now if it were possible for a mortal to dive into the sentiments of the Gods, I should imagine, that even they most plainly discovered, from their conduct towards the nearest related to themselves, what their disposition is towards the Good and Bad of mankind. For, when *Jupiter* had given life to *Hercules* and *Tantalus*, (as Mythology records, and all believe) he made the one immortal for his Virtues; and for his Wickedness, punished the other with inconceivable torments. Making then a just and proper use of these examples, we ought eagerly to embrace integrity and virtue, and not only to dwell attentive upon the above-written lessons, but also to learn the most exalted sentiments of the *Poets*, and to read those of *other* wise men, if they have penned ought that justly deserves esteem and admiration. For as we observe the Bee lighting successively on every fragrant blossom, and extracting sweets from each, so does it behove also those, who are desirous of learning, to be ignorant of nothing in their power to know; but to collect whatever may be useful from every quarter. Yet with all this care and application, we shall find it difficult to overcome the depravity of Human Nature.



*Concessus primus.**

NARRABAT HARIT, filius HEMMAMI, inquiens, Cum in-
dissem cameli dorsum, peregrinandi ergo; atque procul abduxisset
me egestes ab equalibus meis; jactarunt me fluctus fortunæ usque
Sanaam, Arabiæ Fælicis metropolin, et quondam regum sedem. Eam-
que ingressus fui vacuïs locukis, conspicuus Inopiâ; baud possidens dia-
rii quicquam, nec reperiens in marsupio buccellam! Ideoque institui
peragrarè vias ejus; instar errabundi, et obire vicos ejus; ambitu sitien-
tis avis; quæ circumvolitat aquam, et attingere nequit. Quærens
per tractus, quod prospiciebam, perque compita, quibus ibam et redibam,
liberalem aliquem, cui, perfrictâ fronte, exponere necessitatem; vel
litteratum, cujus conspectus discuteret mærorem, cujusque oratio sitim
extingueret ardentem meam; donec tandem adduceret me extremum cir-
cuitus, et perduceret auspiciu blandæ pecuniationis ad conventum
amplum; constantem mutuâ hominem compressione et ejulatu. Cum ita-
que intrassem intimum turbæ, ut cognoscerem causam illius fletus, con-
spexi in medio cycli hominem extenuato corpore, instructum apparatu
itineris religiosi, et clangentem lamento, dum exprimeret rythmicas

* Vide Erpenii Gram. Arab.



The Narration of HARIT, the Son of HEMMAM;

AN EASTERN TALE.

Translated from the original Arabic into Latin by GOLIVS, and from thence into English by the Author.

IN *Sanaa*, the metropolis of *Arabia Felix*, once the seat of kings, *Harit* the son of *Hemmam*, before an assembly of Sages, delivered the following narration, for the instruction of the sons of man.

‘ When I had seated myself on the back of a Camel, in order
 ‘ to travel, and poverty had driven me far from my acquaintance,
 ‘ the fluctuating tides of Fortune bore me to this city, the capital
 ‘ of *Arabia the Happy*. I entred it with empty pockets, remarkable
 ‘ for indigence, not master even of a sufficiency for the day;
 ‘ and finding *nothing* in my purse. I *therefore* purposed to wander
 ‘ thro’ its streets like a roving indigent, and go round its
 ‘ ways in the circuit of a thirsty bird, that hovers o’er the stream
 ‘ it cannot touch. Gazing forwards on the path that lay before
 ‘ me, and on the ways I walked to and fro in, if I could find
 ‘ some humane and generous person, to whom, without blushes,
 ‘ I might reveal my necessity; or some sage philosopher, whose
 ‘ chearful countenance might dispel my grief, and whose eloquence
 ‘ might pacify my burning thirst; till at length, the success of an
 ‘ humble enquiry brought me to the end of my wandering, and
 ‘ wasted me to a large assembly of men, thronging in a croud, and
 ‘ wailing and lamenting immoderately. Pressing eagerly into the
 ‘ midst of them, to learn the cause of their lamentation, I beheld
 ‘ in the center, a person of spare habit, dressed in the garb of a
 ‘ religious Itinerant, and loudly wailing; while he uttered flowing

sententias exquisito sermone pulsaretque aures minis hortationis suæ. Cingebant verò illum, mista genera agminum, sicut circumdare solet Halo lunam, et tegumenta suos fructus. Igitur, ubi propinui me ad illum, ut proficerem ex salutaribus monitis ejus, atque eximia quædam ipsius dicta; audiebam illum dicentem, cum jam incitator esset in instituto suo; sonarentque de pectore prolata extemporaneæ orationis Verba.---

O tu, qui attonitus in insolentia tuâ, laxas vestem Superbiæ, et præceps fereris in multiplici amentia, propensus ad ineptias! quousque persistes in delicto tuo; gratumque habebis passum proterviæ tuæ; et quamdiu ad summum perges placere tibi; nec tamen abstinere à ludrico tuo? Opponis te contumacia tuâ illi qui prehensam tenet frontis tuæ comam, et peccare audes turpitudine vitæ contra eum qui novit arcanum tuum; et subducis te oculis propinqui tui; ubi sub conspectu es observatoris tui: et latere cupis servum tuum, cum baud lateat abditi quicquam dominum tuum. An putas fore, ut prosit tibi status tuus, quando advenerit tempus migrationis tuæ; vel ut eripiant te opes tuæ, ubi te exitio dederint opera tua? aut ut sufficiat pro te penitentia tua, postquam sefellerit te lapsu pes tuus; utve vicem tuam doleat sociorum turba, quando comprehenderit te congregationis locus? An non incedas apertâ viâ, quæ te recte ducat: et propares ad medelam morbi tui, atque retusa acie iniquitatis tuæ inhibeas animam tuam, quippe quæ maxima hostis tua? Nunquid mors destinatus tibi finis est? et quid a te paratum illi? Canitia commone- ris ut metuas, sed quæ excusationes tuæ? In sepulchro cubandum tibi, et quid a te dici potest? estque ad Deum redeundum tibi, quis vero futurus defensor tuus? Diu est, quod te expergefecit tempus, verum finxisti

“ sentences in exquisite language, and struck our ears with the
“ thunders of admonition. A mixt body of people circled round
“ him, as an Halo invests the moon, or as the shell encompasses its
“ fruit. Hastening up to him therefore, in order to profit from his
“ salutary admonitions, and to collect some of his admirable pre-
“ cepts, I heard him declaiming; when now more ardent in his
“ instructions, and expressing himself with all the vehemence of
“ extemporary delivery,

“ O Thou, who insatuated with pride, expandest the robe of
“ insolence, and rushest headlong into every kind of madness,
“ propense to folly! How long wilt thou persist in thy error, and
“ esteem the gratification of arrogance delightful! how long wilt
“ thou proceed to indulge in weakness and pursue delusion? Thou
“ opposhest thyself, with unavailing stubbornness, to Him who
“ fastens on the hair of thy forehead; and dost presume, by the
“ iniquity of thy life, to trespass against Him who knows the
“ secret of thy heart. Thou withdrawest thyself from the view
“ of thy neighbours, tho’ under the inspection of the universal
“ eye; and labourest to be conceal’d from thy slave, when no action
“ thou dost can be secreted from thy Supreme. Deemest thou thy
“ grandeur will avail thee at the hour of death; or that thy
“ riches will screen thee when devoted to perdition? that thy pe-
“ nitence may suffice, when thy feet have failed thee; or, when
“ the place of the Congregation shall have seized thee, that thy
“ companions will bemoan thy destiny? Why walkest thou not
“ in the open path; in the path that will set thee right: O hasten
“ to the cure of thy disease, and with an eye of shame, of re-
“ morse, refrain thy soul from iniquity, thy deadliest foe! Is not
“ Death thy final lot? and what hast thou prepared against it?
“ Thou art warn’d by age to tremble! what excuses for thy
“ temerity; Entomb’d in thy sepulchre, what can be said of thee?
“ thou must return to God! who will be thy advocate? Long is
“ the time that has been allowed thee to awake; but thou hast
“ feigned

*finxisti te somnolentum! traxitque te admonitio, at præbuisi te re-
fractarium.---Ob oculos tibi proposita fuerunt exempla; sed te simu-
lasti cæcum! nudum patuit tibi verum justumque, sed contra dispu-
tasti; et meminisse te sui iussit Mors, at simulasti te oblivisci. Po-
testas tibi data fuit benefaciendi aliis, non tamen benefecisti. Presers
nummum, quem recondas, monito quod memoriâ serves; marisque in-
signe ædificium efferre, quam beneficium conferre. Pretiosa munerum
magis inhaerent animo tuo quam statu tempora precatationis; ac lici-
tationibus eleemosynarum. Patinæ variorum ciborum magis appetuntur
tibi quam paginæ divinarum rerum; et jocosus ludus sociorum fami-
liarior tibi est lectione Corani. Præcipis quod æquum est, et ipse vio-
las sacrum ejus: Prohibesque iniquum, sed te non contines ab eo; et
retrahis alios ab injustitia, tum ipse ad eam te applicas; timesque
homines, cum potissimum oporteat timere Deum! Tum carmine pro-
locutus fuit.*

Malum illi, qui mundum petit,

Flectens eò, cursum suum.

Neque-enim ad se redire potest,

Detentus amore ejus; et

Nimium ejus desiderio. At si

Nosset; satis illi; de eo, quod

Expectit, foret pauxillum.

Tum

“ feigned thyself sleepy! Persuasion would have won thee, but thou
 “ wast deaf to persuasion.---Examples were set before thy eyes,
 “ but thou pretended blindness. Truth and justice laid open to
 “ thy view, but thou disputed against them: Death hath enjoined
 “ thee recollection, but thou hast pleaded forgetfulness: Opportu-
 “ nity has been given thee of benefitting others, and yet thou
 “ hast neglected it: Thou preferest wealth which thou canst hoard,
 “ to wisdom which thou mayst treasure in thy memory; and hadst
 “ rather erect a superb and costly edifice, than confer a favour. --
 “ Valuable presents dwell more on thy mind, than the stated times
 “ of prayer; and the estimating bridal gifts, is a far more grate-
 “ ful employment than bestowing alms. Dishes of various meats
 “ are more coveted by thee than the pages of the divine law;
 “ and the noisy trifling of thy associates, more familiar to thy ear
 “ than the lessons of the Coran. You enjoin equity, yet violate
 “ its precepts: You forbid injustice, yet refrain not from doing it:
 “ You withdraw others from the evil of their way, yet pursue ini-
 “ quity thyself; and stand in awe of men, yet fear not him who is
 “ omnipotent.

“ But pain and woe, and sore dismay be his
 “ Who hunts for worldly joys, and thither bends
 “ His course direct; detain'd by earthly love,
 “ By keen, low-bred desire; no friendly thought,
 “ No gleam of *sense* remains, to turn his eye
 “ Inward upon himself, and bare his *rankled* heart.
 “ But cou'd it be! cou'd Reason's light return!
 “ Yet, Heaven be judge! how ill his sickly soul
 “ Cou'd front the *searching* ray! how small a drop
 “ Of Wisdom's cordial balm, the balm he needs;
 “ Wou'd satisfy!--allay the raging heat
 “ Of conscious horror! fill the ghastly wound!
 “ Hide him but from himself! deceive his nerves!
 “ Deadened their feeling! wretch! he craves no more.”

Thus

Tum quidem depresso clamore suo, et siccato lacrymarum fluxu, sub brachium assumpsit menticam suam, et axillis suum supposuit scipionem. Cum vero, fixis in eum oculis, animadverteret cætus illum surgere, videretque componere se, ad deferendum locum; immiserunt eorum quisque manum suam in sinum, et impleverunt illi fitulam munificentia sua; inquentes, impendito hoc, cum erogare quid voies, aut distribuere inter socios tuos. Ille quidem accepit ab iis fitulam, palpebras contrahens, et regressus inde fuit, gratias agens. Instituit autem vale dicere iis, qui deducebant eum, ut lateret eos quam insisteret viam, iussitque, qui sequebantur ipsum, alios post alios abire; ut ignorarent quonam se reciperet. Inquiebat Harit, Hemmami filius, at ego persequutus illum fui, ponè ab eo avertens conspectum mei, et àtergo legi vestigia ejus ab eo parte, quâ videre me non posset, donec perveniret ad cryptam quandam, in quam irrepsit incaute. Concessi autem illi moram, usquedum exuisset calceos suos, et lavisset pedes; deinde, irrui ad illum, atque repperi assidentem discipulo cuidam ad panem similagineum, hædumque assatum; et positâ ante ambos seriâ vini. Ego autem conversus ad discipulum ejus, inquiebam, conjuro te, per eum, quem imploras, Depulsorem mali, ut significes mihi, quisnam hic sit. Respondit ille, est Abuzeidus Serogianus, peregrinorum lucerna et literatorum corona. Tum vero ego recepi me unde venerem, summâ affectus admiratione eorumque vidiissem.



Thus ending his declamation, and drying up his flow of tears, he assumed his scrip beneath his arm, and his stick into his hand; but when, with eyes attentive, the assembly observed him rising, and saw him preparing himself to quit the place, each put his hand into his bosom, and filled his scrip with their munificence; saying,---lay out this as you see convenient, or distribute it among your brethren. Then, with a becoming modesty, he received from them his scrip, and gratefully returning thanks for their liberality, retired. He bestowed valedictions on those who were for conducting him back to his abode, to conceal from them the way he took; and ordered those who continued to follow him, one after another to depart, that they might not learn out where he should betake himself. But, continued *Harit*, the son of *Hem-mam*, I persisted in following him, still keeping out of sight, and tracing his steps at a distance behind, so as he could not observe me, till he arrived at a cave, into which he crept, without the least suspicion. I granted him respite till he had taken off his shoes and washed his feet; I then rushed in, and found him sitting with another, his disciple, having bread of the finest flour, a roasted kid, and a flaggon of wine before them. Amazed at what I saw, and turning to his disciple, 'I conjure you, (says I) by him whom you implore, *the Repeller of Evil*, that you inform me who this is.' He answered, 'It is *Abuzeid* of *Serogicum*, the lamp of strangers, and the crown of the learned.' Having thus satisfied my eager curiosity, I returned from whence I came, struck with wonder and admiration at what I had heard and seen.



1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



DESCRIPTION *of the* SPRING.

From VIRGIL'S 2d GEORGIC.

THE Spring 'bove every other season reigns
 Kind to the foliation of the Groves :
 Kind to the woods is Spring : In Spring the fields
 With moisture swell and court the genial seeds.
 Then too ætherial *Jove*, almighty Sire,
 Into the bosom of his buxom wife
 In fruitful showers descends, and vast himself,
 Blending with her vast frame, nourishes all
 Her various offspring : Then the pathless groves
 With feather'd choirs resound ; the herds their loves
 At stated times renew : The teeming Earth
 Puts forth her buried grain ; the fields unloose
 Their bosoms to the balmy western gales.
 A kindly dew abounds on every plant :
 The vegetables dare their shoots to trust,

(And safely) fearless to the infant suns;
 Nor dreads the Vine bleak *Auster's* chilling rise,
 Or showers drove headlong by th' impetuous North
 Down from the sky precipitant, but gay,
 Puts forth its buds and all its leaves unfolds.
 I cou'd believe, that none but Days like these,
 At the fair origin of Nature, shone
 One constant course: That season was the Spring.
 The spacious globe enjoy'd perpetual Spring,
 And Eastern gales with-held their wintry blasts,
 When first the admiring herds beheld the sun:
 When from the stubborn glebe man's iron race
 Its head uprear'd; when first into the woods
 The Beasts were sent, and Stars into the Sky:
 Nor cou'd the new Creation have sustain'd
 Th' extremes of heat and cold, did not kind Heav'n,
 Indulgent to its favourite work, ordain
 Spring's milder pause to aid her labouring birth.



SPRING.

S P R I N G.

From LUCRETIVS.

THE rains that Father *Æther* pours
 Into the womb of Mother Earth, appear
 Abforb'd and lost, but strait fair Fruits arise :
 The boughs grow verdant on the trees ; their limbs
 Shoot forth, and loaded bend beneath their weight.
 Hence 'tis the Human race and herds are fed :
 Hence 'tis our gallant Cities bloom with youth :
 Our leafy-woods throughout harmonious ring
 With notes of youngling birds :---The weary flocks
 Grown fat, repose upon the verdant plains ;
 While the white milky humour from their dugs
 Distended flows ; and hence their sprightly young,
 With tender limbs frisk wanton o'er the meads,
 And cheer their little hearts with native milk.



SPRING.

S P R I N G.

A R H A P S O D Y.

Inscribed to the truly-amiable Miss K. R.

BRIGHT *Sol's* gay shadows waving o'er the lawn,
 The rising prospect and the infant corn,
 The vernal breeze, that fills with health the grove,
 The woodland songsters chanting notes of love,
 All hail the approaching scene, and speaks as near
 The loveliest, noblest season of the year.
 Propitious Spring! 'tis sung at Nature's birth:
 Thy genial influence warm'd the pregnant Earth;
 The mists of Chaos thy pervading light,
 Shot thro' and chased them to the realms of night;
 Serene and mild each day's fair features shone,
 The new-born Sun illum'd his golden throne,
 With vivid light the sky's blue conclave glow'd,
 And Heaven's great Artist spoke Creation's good!
 Say then, O Goddess of *Amene*, delight,
 And soothing melody; what arduous flight
 The Muse shall dare? What potent frenzy burn
 The Poet's breast to hail thy kind return!

If wrapt in Vision near some sacred rill,
 The work of Nature as its parent hill,
 Whose swelling bosom mounts by due degrees,
 In silken waves to meet the uxorious breeze,
 Some sky-born Nymph my eager eyes survey,
 In form and semblance like another ray,
 To call forth all the powers of Song, to move
 The voice, new-tun'd, thro' all the heights of Love!
 Or whether, more to aggrandize the scene,
 Gay Goddess fam'd for thy enliv'ning mein,
 Thy lilly-hand outstretch'd with matchless Grace,
 Lets down unclasp'd from its eternal base,
 The Volume sacred to the Muses, where
 Enroll'd the names of antient Bards appear,
 By Thee and Fame preserv'd for ever new;
 While my rapt fancy kindles at the view,
 And touch'd with hallow'd fire extatic rove
 Thro' thy Creation,---Harmony and Love!
 Spring! Love! and Harmony! be these my themes!
 In liquid lapse while move the flowing streams,
 And murmur as they flow, while every mead
 By Spring's gay influence shines a painted bed.
 Let lofty *Pindar* like some God appear,
 Majestick towering o'er the rapid Car,

And

And touch the heights of Fame, whose sacred fires
Apollo lights, and every Muse inspires.
 For me far humbler, not less pleasing lays,
 Shall bind the wreath and grace my brow with bays:
 If *Delia* smiles, that smile shall teach to sing,
 Tho' not a Muse assist the trembling string.
 On *Zephir's* wings the polish'd sounds shall move
 And melting musick float along the grove;
 While *Echo* pleas'd the lay shall glad prolong,
 And every bird adopt the tuneful song.
 Gay Spring enchants, soft Musick lulls to rest,
 And sacred Love refines the human breast:
 Thus charm they sep'rate; but wou'd others view
 Those charms collected, they must look at you.

Upon ENVY and POVERTY. An Epigram.

Alter'd from an OLD MANUSCRIPT.

DETRACTING Envy *Scylla's* dogs imply,
Charybdis the gulph of poverty:
 Who shun *Charybdis*, upon *Scylla* fall;
 Still snarling Envy barks, Want swallows all:
 Then of two evils, wou'dst thou chuse the least,
 Be rather envy'd than by Want oppress'd.

The

The PARALLEL:

Or, VENUS MISTAKEN.

Addressed to Miss -----

ONE high Celestial Holyday,
 Which *Jove*, in humour blyth and gay,
 Had set apart for mirth and sport,
 The Gods in haste repair'd to court.
Juno, as Mistress of the feast,
 Herself the rich *Ambrosia* drest,
 While *Hebe*, ever fair and young,
 On whose soft lips persuasion hung,
 The Golden cup, with Nectar stor'd,
 Serv'd up, and join'd the mirthful board.
 The warbling lyre *Apollo* strung,
 The Muses most divinely sung:
Momus, the pink of complaisance,
 With Love's gay Goddesses led the dance;
 All join'd in short the Revelry,
 And Heaven rung loud with Jubilee.
 All but sage *Pallas*, she apart,
 With grief and anguish at her heart,
 Thoughtful reclin'd on a settee,
 And fed her spleen with sipping tea.

K

Alas!

Alas! she said, with deep-heav'd sigh,

" Why cannot we like mortals die ?

" Why doom'd to everlasting shame

" Must we survive the loss of Fame?

" *Venus* has charms! but all agree,

" Others have charms as well as she.

" Yes, by the Gods! I fancy still,

" When we on *Ida's* tow'ring hill,

" Before young *Pallas* passed in view,

" And each his fixed attention drew,

" Had she not bribed the *Trojan* boy,

" And bought his judgment with a toy,

" To her superior I had shone,

" And made the golden prize my own."

She paus'd,---for *Hermes* thro' the skies,

Jove's swift-wing'd Herald, to her flies;

And, with a sad dejected mein,

Ask'd what could ruffle *Wisdom's* Queen.

" Go tell," enrag'd *Minerva* cries,

While anger kindled in her eyes;

" Go tell the laughter-loving Dame

" Resentment fires my glowing flame.

" I dare once more her pride---to try

" If *Wisdom* can't with *Beauty* vie."

She

She said.—On founding pinions born,
 The Herald speeds a quick return.
 In haste to *Venus* he repair'd;
Venus with joy the challenge heard.
 Forth from her eyes new lustre flow'd,
 Her cheeks with new carnation glow'd.
 “Yes,” says the Queen, “this very day,
 “I’ll prove the power of *Beauty’s* sway;
 “That Gods and Men shall plainly see
 “No power above can vie with me.
 Then rising from her golden throne,
 With all her charms and graces on,
 She look’d like *Jove’s* imperial bride
 In all the bloom of youthful pride.
 But ah! how vain to hope success,
 When Fate denies th’ expected bliss!
Cupid, arch knave, who loved to vex
 His mother, with his idle tricks,
 Resolved she shou’d not now obtain
 The triumph she so wish’d to gain,
 “Mamma,” says he, and smil’d, I ween,
 “Before you visit *Wisdom’s* Queen,
 “It wou’d be best to lay aside
 “That Flower of Youth and *Beauty’s* pride:

" Suppose you trusted to my care,

" Your eyes keen glance and piercing air;

" Those matchless graces, killing charms,

" That drew War's Godhead to your arms?

" Thus all disrob'd and unarray'd,

" You'll then deceive the artful Maid :

" So will you every wish obtain,

" And a full conquest o'er her gain."

A dupe to *Cupid's* guileful arts,

Venus with all her graces parts;

Without reluctance lays aside

Her flower of Youth and Beauty's pride ;

Those matchless graces, killing charms,

That drew War's Godhead to her arms ;

And all disrob'd and unarray'd,

Left him and sought the artful Maid.

" This day, *Minerva*," *Venus* cry'd,

" Again be this our contest try'd :

" Then know unbrib'd our judge shall prove,

" That none excels the Queen of Love."

" Agreed," says *Pallas*, with a sneer,

" But ere you triumph thus, my dear,

" Resume those charms you so much boast,

" Or?—here she smil'd,---pray an't they lost?"

No,

" No, no," the Queen of Love reply'd,

" To sure you'll find, to quell your pride,

" They are not lost, but in his power,

" *Cupid* has yonder all my store:

" Then let us haste, I long to see

" Those signals of my victory."

They came, but oh! 'twould make one weep,

They found the Urchin fast asleep, A

Her Graces lost, her Beauties gone, A

And all her native sweetness flown.

Love's Goddess storm'd, *Minerva* smil'd,

And bid her not disturb the child:

Cupid awak'd, in feign'd surprize,

" Mamma," says he, and rub'd his eyes,

" Compose yourself, be not dismay'd:

" I know the thief---a lovely maid!

" 'Tis past a doubt ---

" Look down; you'll quickly see 'tis."---

Impatient strait the Goddess flies,

Descending from the azure skies;

Seizes the Nymph, who shook with fear;

" Whence stole you that enliv'ning air;

" Whence those bright eyes," the Queen exclaims,

" That shine with such superior beams,

" That

" That radiant form in which you move
 " Bright as the blooming Queen of Love ?"

" Indeed, indeed," the Nymph returns,
 " That eye that with such lustre burns
 " I never stole, 'tis fully known
 " That *from my Birth* it was my own."

She had gone on, but *Cupid*, who
 Before them laughing stood in view,
 Produc'd his Mother's charms, and said,
 " These charms I out of frolick hid ;
 " 'Till now, Mamma, you ne'er believ'd
 " You cou'd so eas'y be deceiv'd."
 The Goddess vext, in haste withdrew,
 And own'd the *Parallel* was true.



The FRIENDLY ADMONITION.**A P O E M.**

In Answer to this Question, viz. *How far Beauty ought to influence the Passions.*

DETUR PULCHRORI.

IN life's mild dawn, ere yet illusive Fame,
 Had taught to barter pleasure for a name,
 Smit with the charms that to the Muse belong,
 ' The native sweetness of enchanting song,
 While yet a child, my infant voice essay'd
 To lisp soft numbers in the rural shade :
 Contented then to chuse some lowly theme,
 A painted meadow or a purling stream,
 Nor, unambitious, ever blush'd to own,
 I practic'd Music for *itself* alone.
 Now bolder grown, my daring fancy tries
 Above those vulgar, common themes to rise :
 Nor shall my daring fancy try in vain,
 If ----- reads, and ----- approves the strain.

Pyg-

Pygmalion once, so amorous *Ovid* sings ;
Ovid ! who well could touch the sounding strings :
 As he, in silent extasy, survey'd
 The lovely Form his artful fingers made,
 Became enamour'd of the work he wrought,
 And inly griev'd he cou'd not give it Thought :
 Yet, nobly daring, greater from despair,
 Resolv'd, to *Venus* he address'd his prayer ;
 That, taught by her, new charms he might impart,
 And stamp a *Grace* beyond the reach of Art.
 Then, while the fond expecting lover prest
 The ivory Beauty to his throbbing breast,
 Instinct with life, she met his warm embrace,
 And hail'd him, parent of a future race.
 So just a pattern while my soul surveys,
 She laughs at censure, nor can brook delays :
 She laughs at censure, careless how it stings,
 If --- --- listens, while the Poet sings.
 In that mild season, loveliest of the year,
 When Nature's charms in all their pride appear ;
 When a bright green adorns the enamell'd field,
 And opening buds their fragrant blossoms yield,
 How sweetly ravishing it is to rove
 Along the flowery lawn or vocal grove !

O'er

O'er hill, o'er dale, with devious step to stray,
 Musing, and heedless of the length'ning way!
 Thus, while escap'd from low Ambition's views,
 My ardent soul its native bent pursues;
 With what keen pleasure, what sincere delight,
 She sees all Nature op'ning to her sight!
 Whate'er within corporeal vision lie,
 Whate'er rich fancy yields the mental eye;
 All, all is Beauty! how she joys to trace
 The glorious Artist, thro' each rising grace
 Of fair Creation! with what matchless art,
 What force of Wisdom! every separate part,
 Itself a wonder! with the rest does join
 To form one *Whole*! grand, awful, and divine.
 Of Beauty, natural and moral, view
 The gradual Climax, how minutely true!
 From herb, worm, bird, beast, man, how it ascends
 Till in a WOMAN's finish'd form it ends!
 In her, ten thousand different shapes it wears,
 And in ten thousand lovely still appears.
 Just as the seven primordially rays of light
 Commix'd and blended, yield a perfect White!
 But, sever'd, to the amaz'd spectator shew
 Each varied lustre of the painted bow.

Mystic Attraction! which the searching brain
 Of letter'd Sage cou'd never yet explain;
 Nor ever will: Hence Love, with guileful art
 Steals off and creeps into the unguarded heart:
 Where, once admitted, nought can check his sway,
 Monarchs must kneel and kings his power obey:
 Ev'n bravest Chiefs, who mightiest realms have won
 Have in a moment been by Love undone.
 Then, generous Youth, whoe'er thou art, whose breast
 Inclines to cherish this insidious Guest,
 Heedful attend, and timely wise, beware
 The gilded ambush and the fatal snare;
 Tho' more enchanting, more divinely bright
 Than southern skies, or new-created light,
 The Nymph appears; yet, if she has not, join'd
 To this fair form, a just and generous mind;
 Fly! or expect, to hopeless love a slave,
 To sink PRIDE'S VICTIM, early to the grave.*
 " This blasted tuneful *Hammond*'s early bloom,
 " And gave his virtues to the silent tomb.
 " In vain, for him, contending Muses wove
 " The choicest laurels of the *Aonian* grove;
 " In vain his soul, for active glory form'd,
 " With Freedom's noblest, fiercest flame was warm'd:

* See Shenstone's Works, Elegy 16.

" On one deceitful Maid for ever hung
 " The Poet's numbers and the Patriot's tongue;
 " And Wisdom, fram'd even sinking States to guide,
 " Fell a sad sacrifice to FEMALE PRIDE!"

Be mine an happier Fate! But wou'dst thou see
 A pattern worthy Love, and worthy thee,
 Such *Myra* is, of Beauty most refin'd;
 And *Delia* such, the fairest of her kind.
 But 'tis not *Delia's* face, however fair,
 Nor *Myra's* beauty, tho' beyond compare,
 Alone that charm! their sweetness 'tis that gains
 The lover's heart, and rivets fast his chains.

Then wou'd the Fair in real merit shine,
 Good-Nature and good sense with beauty join,
 Their fading Empire soon wou'd be restor'd,
 Each swain wou'd sigh, each Nymph wou'd be ador'd;
 Love wou'd again his antient power possess,
 And *Hymen's* bands more happy couples bless:
 For know 'tis Truth those faithful lines impart,
Beauty may strike, but Kindness wins the heart.



V A L E N T I N E.

EXTEMPORE.

WHEN Nature's Lord by one Almighty call,
 From nothing rais'd this World's capacious Ball;
 Then first this charge he to the Muse consign'd,
To sing the Beauties that adorn the mind :
 To bring coy merit into public view,
 And paint perfection as 'tis found in you :
 But oh! eclipsed by pride's tyrannic power,
 These heavenly themes employ the Muse no more :
 Forgot her office o'er the human mind ;
 Her praise to Form alone is now confin'd.
 How blest the Bard who in his Fair-one's eyes,
 Can trace each flaming glory of the skies !
 Not such my views ; by nobler means I aim
 To rise immortal in the lists of fame :
 The taper waist! the bosom's swelling grace!
 The eye, bright beaming from a seraph face!
 Be other's care ; this now alone be mine,
 To send your Ladyship a VALENTINE.

To M Y R A.

WHEN round the table, in sweet converse fit,
 Each Youth, enamour'd, aims with matchless wit
 To toast his fav'rite Fair; when to his aid
 He Fiction calls to paint a perfect Maid:
 Be his the power of Fancy, to impart
 The gay, the fond Delusion to the heart:
 Let her be lovely, handsome, fair and young;
 Let grace her air, and wit inform her tongue:
 Be *Hebe's* charms, *Minerva's* glowing sense,
 With *Juno's* dignity, her just pretence:
 To sum up all, let innate goodness join
 To form compleat, and stamp the work divine
 'Tis still but Fancy! is it not? survey
 Her lovely Form! you must confess 'tis *R--y*.



To S Y D N E Y,

Requesting to know her Opinion of him.

By a L A D Y.

IN thee good sense and sage experience shine,
 Attracting Ease and Complaisance are thine:
 Gentle thy manners, and thy thoughts refin'd,
 Yet thou hast faults, nor is *Amelia* blind.

In

In thee the oft the skilful Angler views,
 Who pleasure only in his sport pursues;
 Fond to ensnare, to catch the simple race,
 Then carelessly restore them to their place.
 But *Sydney*, tho' a heedless few may run,
 Believe, not all with equal ease are won:
 Know there are some who at safe distance stray,
 And take delight to give you play for play,
 Then sportive glide away, as pleas'd to find,
 They've sense enough to guard against Mankind.



The PRAISES of a COUNTRY LIFE.

From VIRGIL'S 2d GEORGIC.

Beginning at Line 458, and ending at the 540th.

THREE happy Swains! too happy did they know
 Their genuine blifs! for whom the Earth, just
 Far from the din of war, and hostile arms, [Dance!
 Pours liberal from her bosom chearful fruits:
 If there no lofty Dome, with gates superb,
 Discharges from its doors an Ocean-tide
 Of Morning-visitants; a venal crew:
 If they gape not for pillars, rich inlaid
 With tortoise-shell, or vestments stiff with gold,
 Or statues form'd of bright Corinthian brass:
 If their white wool imbibes no Syrian dyes;
 If liquid odours mix not with their oil,
 Or taint its native sweetness; yet peace secure
 Yet rest unenvied, undisturb'd, is theirs.
 An artless life, that knows not to deceive;
 In various blessings rich: Yet calm retreats,
 Grottoes, and living lakes in spacious fields:
 Yet cool refreshing vales, the low of herds,
 And slumbers soft beneath a shady tree,
 They do not want. There, lawns and haunts of beasts,
 Youth

Youth fond of labour, and enur'd to thirst,
 Shrines of the Gods, and aged Sires rever'd,
 Will there be found. Justice her latest step,
 The world departing, hence half-linging took.
 But me 'above all may the inspiring Nine;
 The Nine whose sacred robes I wear; whose charms
 With more than human ardours fire my soul;
 Me may the Nine receive, and deign to shew
 The paths of Heaven, the planets and the stars:
 The Sun's and Moon's eclipses; whence to Earth
 Those dire convulsions; by what won'drous force
 Deep Ocean, having burst its bounds, on high
 Heaves swelling, and again sinks back into
 Itself: Why Winter's suns so rapid haste
 To plunge into the main; or what delay
 Retards the slow-pac'd summer nights! But if
 The frigid stream, that laves my heart, forbids
 Great Nature's wondrous secrets to explore;
 Let fields, and streams soft-gliding thro' the vale,
 Be my delight! the rivers may I love,
 And woods---inglorious and from pomp retir'd!
 O where *Theffalia's* plains! the full-flown stream
 Of clear *Sperchius*, and the towering height
 Of huge *Taygeta*, by the *Spartan* Nymphs!

In

In jovial Choirs frequented ! O for one !
 Some God to place me in the cooling vales
 Of *Hæmus* ; safe from *Phæbus* torrid beam ;
 And in the shadiest thicket screen from day !

Happy the Man ! whose soul's quick force cou'd trace*
 Great Nature's rise ; who nobly dar'd to spurn
 All slavish fears ; inexorable fate ;

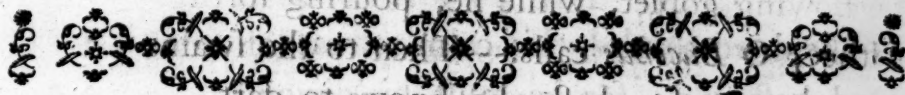
* *Epicurus*, of whom thus the impious but elegant Poet *Lucretius* ;

Long in the face of Nature did Mankind
 Oppress'd by stem Religion, basely lie
 On Earth low groveling ; in wild Error lost.
 She from the ætherial battlements of Heaven
 Put forth her head, and with grim looks hung o'er
 Us wretched Mortals, terrified below.
 At length a man of *Greece*, with steady eyes,
 Dar'd to confront and first her power oppose.
 Him nor the fancied tales of Gods, nor Heaven,
 Nor thunders with their threatening roar, dismay'd :
 But rather more arouz'd his active soul,
 When first he aspir'd to burst the scanty bounds
 Of Nature, and thro' endless Æther soar.
 His soul's quick force prevail'd, and far beyond
 Earth's flaming limits wing'd its glorious flight
 Into the mighty space, and thence return'd
 Victorious and triumphant : He relates
 What can to Being rise, and what cannot ;
 And how a finite power is fix'd, to each
 A bound deep-rooted ; which it cannot break.
 And thus Religion, fear'd so much before,
 By him subdu'd, we tread upon in turn :
 His conquest makes us equal to the Gods.

The din of *Acheron's* devouring waves
 Beneath his feet; nor yet unblest is he,
 The humbler swain, who has known the rural Gods;
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the sister Nymphs.
 Him, nor Plebeian power, nor purpled pride,
 Nor arms, nor fate of empires, ever mov'd.
 He has not pin'd with anguish at distress;
 He sees no Poor to suffer for; nor felt
 The deadly curse to envy others wealth.
 If plenty decks his board, the burden'd tree,
 And willing field supply the rich repast,
 Wholesome and sweet; nor has he ever seen
 The tyrannizing laws, or wrangling bar,
 Some vex for gain with oars the dangerous sea;
 Rush into war, or penetrate the courts
 And palaces of kings. Ambitious, some
 Lay towns in ruins, deaf to Nature's voice,
 To quaff in gems, or sleep on silks of *Tyre*.
 This hoards up wealth, and broods o'er buried Gold:
 Some, stain'd with brother's blood, enjoy their guilt,
 And sated black revenge, for Exile quit
 Their darling country, their beloved home,
 And seek out land beneath another sun.
 Not so the Swain, he chearful, with his plow

Upturns the glebe, and cultivates the soil:
 Hence every season yields him full employ:
 Hence he sustains his country and his house,
 His milky droves and his deserving steers.
 Labour and Plenty one continual round
 Alternate keep.---Each season mild abounds
 With fruit, the breed of flocks, or swelling sheaves
 Of *Ceres* stem; the deepen'd furrows load
 With new encrease, and bursts the crowded barns.
 Comes Winter and the Scyon olive's prest;
 The swine haste gladden'd home, with mast the woods
 Their berries yield. Then yellow Autumn pours
 His various fruits; and the mild vintage, high
 On sunny hills, is ripen'd into wine.
 At eve his prattling babes salute their Sire,
 Hang round his lips and struggle for a kiss.
 His modest house strict chastity maintains:
 Fat are his kine; with milk o'erflow his pails;
 His sportive kids, upon the chearful green,
 But at each other with their adverse horns,
 Frisk on the turf and playful skim the vales.
 Himself the festal days religious keeps,
 And, stretch'd upon the grass, full in the midst
 A fire burns bright; his blyth companions crown

The flowing goblet, while he, pouring forth,
 On thee, O *Bacchus* calls:--Then to the swains
 A match proposes, best who knows to dart
 The swift-wing'd javelin 'gainst a spreading elm,
 And bares their limbs for wrestling in the ring.
 This life the antient *Sabines* once rever'd;
 This *Remus* and his Brother led of old:
 Strong thus *Etruria* grew; thus *Rome* became
 Renown'd for arms, the mistress of the world,
 And, single, deck'd with towers her seven hills.
 E'er *Cretan Jove* a scepter sway'd too, e'er
 The impious world on slaughter'd oxen fed,
 The golden *Saturn* led this life on earth:
 When men as yet had not affrighted heard,
 The warlike trumpet blown, nor temper'd steel
 Hoarse on the anvil hammering into swords.



PASTORALS

From VIRGIL

The FIRST PASTORAL.

MELIBOEUS and TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

YOU *Tityrus* here at ease supinely laid,
 Beneath an ample beach's spreading shade,
 Attune your song, we our dear country fly,
 Impell'd to exile, rob'd of every joy;
 With deep regret paternal meads we yield,
 And leave the confines of our native field,
 While stretch'd at ease you tune your rural lays,
 And teach the groves to sound *Marylli's* praise.

TITYRUS.

TITYRUS.

O Shepherd think ! this calm retreat of mine
 A God bestow'd ; for he must be divine !
 A lamb, the best my slender folds contain,
 Shall oft in sacrifice his altar stain :
 'Tis he permits my kine to range at will,
 And me to exercise my rural quill.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, dear Swain, your happy fate,
 But greatly wonder at your present state ;
 Since nought around but horrid tumult reigns,
 And wild distraction rages thro' the plains.
 Lo ! sick and faint my goats far hence I drive,
 And scarcely drag this female on alive :
 For 'midst some hazles as I came along,
 She yean'd unthought of, and forsook her young ;
 Two lovely twins, the hope of all my flock,
 But left, alas ! upon a barren rock :
 This harsh event the crows foreboding croak
 Did oft foretell from yonder riven oak,
 When Heaven's dread lightnings blasted every tree ;
 Yet all those prodigies were lost on me.
 But, grief apart, inform me, gentle Swain,
 What bounteous God hath blessed thee thus again.

TITY-

TITYRUS.

That city rear'd by Heav'n, which men call *Rome*,
 I fondly liken'd to a rural home,
 Where with their lambkins swains to market come;
 Thus whelps and kids I to their dams compar'd;
 Thus all with me a like proportion shar'd;
 But she so far her great renown hath spread,
 So high o'er others rais'd her stately head,
 As the tall Cypress with the ivy vies;
 This creeps on earth, that reaches at the skies.

MELIBOEUS.

What weighty cause had you to visit *Rome*,
 Or range so distant from your native home?

TITYRUS.

Sweet freedom, Swain, I fought, which deign'd, tho'
 To smile benign on my inactive state: [late,
 But then her gracious smiles did not begin,
 Till my stiff beard fell hoary from my chin:
 Till, captiv'd by her more superior charms,
 I left proud *Syloia's* for *Marylli's* arms.
 Yes, I confess, that while I dragg'd her chain,
 I neither car'd for liberty or gain:

Tho'

Tho' many a victim fatted from my fold,
 Tho' many a well-press'd cheese I weekly fold,
 At that unlucky place I still did come,
 Spight of my caution, empty-handed home.

MELIBOEUS.

Oft have I mus'd why fair *Marilli* mourn'd;
 Why all her myrth to sudden sorrow turn'd;
 Why, for our sports, she chose the gloomy shade,
 And to the Gods with constant fervor pray'd:
 For whom she let the ripen'd apples be
 So long ungather'd on the loaded tree:
 But now I see the cause, her swain was gone!
 For thee the warring Pines with her did mourn,
 And groves and fountains sigh'd for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What cou'd I do? I elsewhere cou'd not find,
 One glimpse of freedom, or a God so kind:
 There first that Youth of race divine I saw,
 Whose form celestial fill'd my breast with awe:
 For whom in gratitude each lunar year,
 Our altar shall the richest incense bear:

He

He mov'd with kind concern, at my request,
 Thus spoke,--' Yes, Shepherd ! yoke your steers abreast;
 ' Lead forth your herds to graze the spacious mead,
 ' And may each crop your greatest hopes exceed.'

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man ! thy lands shall then remain
 Thy own ! sufficient for a rural swain.
 Why then, tho' barren stones and slimy reeds,
 Molest thy pastures and defile thy meads,
 No foreign food thy teeming Ewes shall fear,
 No touch contagious spread its influence here.
 Thrice happy swain ! who always can retire
 From *Sol's* meridian rays and scorching fire,
 To those clear streams, by yon refreshing shade,
 Whose murm'ring rills run bubbling thro' the glade.
 See yonder fence, the border of your farm,
 How lab'ring Bees around its willows swarm !
 Whose humming toils invite to gentle sleep,
 Soft as thy musick,---as thy fountains deep.
 Beneath this rock, with rich content of mind,
 The jocund Pruner whistles to the wind ;
 While from aloft thy favourite Doves complain,
 And cooing Turtles join the melting strain.

TITYRUS.

Sooner shall stags on fleeting pinions soar,
Seas leave their fish deserted on the shore;
The exil'd *Parthian* to the *Arar* haste,
And thirsty *Franks* the distant *Tigris* taste;
Each from his native clime with ease shall part,
E'er his dear image wander from my heart.

MELIBOEUS.

But we far hence, desponding swains, must go,
And all the ills of painful Exile know;
Some mournful wander o'er parch'd *Afric's* plain,
While some of *Scythia's* piercing colds complain;
This part far Eastward in sad *Crete* must toil;
And this subdue the western *Britons* soil.
Britons, a race renown'd for martial pride:
A race disjoined from all the world beside.

O shall I, when some tedious years are past,
With wonder view my native land at last,
My rural kingdom, and the humble roof
Of my poor cottage, rear'd with grassy turf!
Shall then base slaves those well-till'd fields enjoy,
And wild Barbarians all our Crops destroy!

See

See what fell ills from civil discord spring,
 And what reward those dreadful tumults bring.
 Ah! wretched swain! graft pears and plant the vine;
 The profit's theirs, the toil alone is thine.
 Go now my goats, go straggle o'er the plain,
 You once were happy in a careful swain:
 I now no more shall see my playful flock
 Graze the low vale or climb the bushy rock.
 No more in tunes my grateful passion tell,
 Farewell my pipe, my flock, my friends farewell!

Yet here this night with me thy griefs compose,
 A verdant bed awaits thy soft repose;
 Ripe apples, chesnuts, cheese, and such-like fare,
 Shall glad thy taste and smoothe each rising care:
 The village smoak encreases to our sight,
 And length'ning shades foreshew the coming night.



P O L L I O.

The F O U R T H P A S T O R A L.

SICILIAN Maids! your grateful voices raise,
 Begin more lofty, more majestick lays:
 Sequester'd groves or beauties of the field,
 To all do not an equal pleasure yield.
 If rural lays we sing, those lays must be
 Worthy a Consul's awful dignity.
 The last great age of the *Cumæan* song,
 So long expected, and deferred so long,
 At length is come, and time afresh rolls on.
 The Virgin now returns, and thro' the plains
 Bright Justice now once more propitious reigns!
 A new, a glorious offspring, mighty *Jove*
 Vouchsafes to send us from the realms above.
 Thy needful aid *Lucina* now employ,
 And prove propitious to the infant boy,
 Beneath whose reign this impious age shall cease,
 And one of virtue fill its vacant place:
 Cœlestial Goddess! 'twill be worth thy pains,
 For now thy own, thy lov'd *Apollo* reigns.

While

While you too *Pollio* grace the Consul's chair,
 This Age's wondrous glory shall appear,
 And twelve bright periods crown each rolling year.
 Thee, our Commander, if within thy reign,
 Still any traces of our crimes remain,
 Thou shalt destroy them with unwearied care,
 And free the world at once from every fear:
 The lovely youth in Heaven shall live divine,
 And midst immortal Gods and Heroes shine:
 Seeing and seen he there shall trace his birth,
 And with paternal virtues rule the peaceful earth.
 Mean while for thee, sweet Boy, the fertile field
 Unplow'd shall all its choicest offsprings yield;
 The Goats spontaneous to the pail shall come,
 And haste unbid with well-fraught udders home:
 Nor shall the Lion's roar tremendous scare
 The grazing flocks, or strike the herds with fear:
 Soft flowers around thy couch their sweets shall shed,
 And form a fragrant chaplet for thy head;
 Th' envenom'd Snake shalt die, and now the store
 Of poison's treacherous plants shall grow no more;
Assyrian spices in their room shall rise,
 And shoot their balmy fragrance to the skies:

But

But when of heroes deeds thou shalt aspire,
 To read and learn the actions of thy Sire,
 And godlike virtue all thy breast inspire.
 Then the wide field shall shine with waving corn,
 Whilst red'ning clusters grace the prickly thorn,
 Old knotted oaks their dewy sweets distill,
 And gold untouch'd adorn the murm'ring rill.
 Yet some, inur'd to vice, shall madly dare
 The raging ocean and the billowy war:
 Cities besieged to loftier walls give birth,
 And sordid avarice load the furrow'd earth.
Tiphys once more shall tempt the treach'rous main,
 Once more shall *Argo* reach fam'd *Pbrygia's* plain,
 And land her godlike heroes once again.
 Swift thro' the world destructive war shall fly,
 And *Troy* once more immersed in ruin lie.
 But when thy infant years are o'er, and when
 Maturer age shall speak thee fully man,
 The sea no more shall be the sailors care,
 No more the Nautic pine exchange her ware;
 Each happy land luxuriant shall produce
 Whate'er is wanting for its natives use;
 Earth then shall cease with harrows to be tore,
 And Vines shall need the pruning-hook no more;

The

The sturdy hind his oxen shall release,
 Turn them to meat and let them feed in peace :
 To glow with borrow'd dyes the wool shall cease,
 The ram himself shall tinge his weighty fleece,
 A bright vermillion beautify each look,
 And *Tyrian* scarlet cloath the brouzing flock ;
 The harmonious Fates with joint consent begun,
 And to their spindles thus divinely sung :
 " Ye happy Ages--- bless the longing earth,
 " Haste and spring forward to the glorious birth :
 " Thou darling offspring of the Gods above !
 " Thou bright illustrious progeny of *Jove*,
 " The time is come ! those honours now pursue
 " Which are so justly to thy merits due :
 " See how the world inclines its ponderous frame,
 " Earth, seas, and Heaven, bow down before thy name."

Hark ! Nature round exulting lifts her voice,
 And all at the approaching Age rejoice.
 O ! would but bounteous Heaven prolong my days,
 And fill my breast with such majestic Lays,
 As wou'd besit the greatness of thy praise,
Orpheus nor *Linus* shou'd me then excell,
 Tho' by his parent each was taught so well :

Nay,

Nay, shou'd e'en *Pan* himself with me contend,
Arcadian judges wou'd my Lays commend;
 By their impartial judgment he shou'd own
 Himself by my superior strains outdone.

Begin, dear Babe, to know thy mother's face,
 Whose pleasing aspect smiles for ever grace;
 Whose tender womb, with teeming troubles tore,
 Ten tedious months thy growing substance bore.
 Begin Cœlestial Babe! that froward child,
 On whom his careful parents never smil'd,
 No God for him his table ever spread,
 Nor lovely Goddess took him to her bed.

ECLOGUE the FIFTH.

MENALCAS and MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE we, my *Mopsus*, here are met so well,
And both in Musick's pleasing strains excel,
You sweetly-breathing the melodious quill,
And I in singing boast no little Skill;
Why fit we not in this refreshing shade,
By spreading elms and bending hazles made.

MOPSUS.

You my superior; 'tis but just that I
Shou'd with your counsel readily comply:
If to those shades, that wanton in the air,
Or to yon Cave you rather wou'd repair,
See how the Vine in artless branches strays,
And amply round its blushing fruit displays.

MENALCAS.

Except *Amyntas*, thro' our rising plains,
No youth presumes to match thy tuneful strains.

O

MOP.

M O P S U S.

What! if that bold, vain-glorious fool pretend
With *Phæbus*' self in finging to contend?

M E N A L C A S.

You first, dear Swain, some fav'rite theme begin:
If you the praise of *Phyllis* chuse to sing;
The praise of *Alcon*, or the glorious strife
In which the undaunted *Codrus* lost his life:
Begin: mean while the careful *Tityrus* heeds,
At my request, your tender browsing kids.

M O P S U S.

No: these new lines I rather wou'd repeat,
Which on a beech's verdant bark I writ,
And sung and play'd alternate: Then you'll see,
If this *Amyntas* may contend with me.

M E N A L C A S.

As bending Willow is by far outshone
By silver Olives ripening in the sun;
As *Spikenard* by the Rose's crimson hue,
So is *Amyntas* far outshone by you.

MOP-

M O P S U S.

Dear Youth, no more: this subject let us wave,
 For see, we've reach'd the cool refreshing cave.
Daphnis's fate the weeping Nymphs deplore:
 Th' untimely fate of *Daphnis*, now no more:
 Ye woods, ye streams, where solemn silence reign'd,
 Can witness how the mourning Nymphs complain'd,
 When the wild matron her lost son embrac'd,
 And in her arms the lifeless body clasp'd:
 With what sad accents, what distracting cries,
 She blam'd the stars and rent the vocal skies:
 The Swains too, wrapt in still lethargic dreams,
 Drove not their kine to taste the cooling streams.
 Oppress'd with silent grief the gen'rous steed,
 For gloomy shades, forsook the flow'ry mead,
 Forgot his hunger, and refus'd to feed.
 For thee, O *Daphnis*, Lybian Lions mourn'd,
 And desert hills their frightful groans returned.
 Young *Daphnis* first inform'd the timorous swain,
 To bend fierce tygers to the galling rein;
 To lead with grace the Bacchanalian dance,
 And wreath soft foliage round the pliant lance.
 As vines the grove, as grapes the vines adorn,
 As bulls the herd, as fields the waving corn,

So thou, fair *Daphnis*, waft throughout our plains,
 The pride and glory of thy Fellow-Swains.
 Since Fate's severe decree hath doom'd thee dead,
Pales and *Phœbus* from our fields are fled:

And where we once did sow the fruitful grain,
 Wild oats and darnal hold their useless reign,
 And thorns, for violets, roughen all the plain.

Bestrew with leaves the ground, ye weeping swains,
 And veil the springs as *Daphnis* self ordains;
 Then raise a tomb, and on that tomb bestow
 This little distich, to his merit due,

“ Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I *Daphnis* lie;

“ Fair was my flock, but fairer still was I.”

MENALCAS.

Such, matchless Poet, to my ravish'd ears,
 The tuneful cadence of thy song appears,
 As balmy slumbers on the grassy plain,
 Or salient fountains to the thirsty swain:
 Nor equal you your master's* pipe alone,
 But e'en his voice is now become your own.
 Thrice happy youth, whose soft enchanting lays,
 Shall gain, next his, the best, the noblest praise.

Yet, as I can, I in my turn will try,
 And raise thy *Daphnis* to the starry sky.
 Yes, I'll exalt him to the realms above:
 For heavenly *Daphnis* did *Menalcas* love.

M O P S U S.

What can so sweet, so welcome be to me,
 As such a present from a swain like thee:
 The Youth himself deserved immortal praise;
 And *Colin* spoke with rapture of the lays.

MENALCAS.

Array'd in white, the admiring *Daphnis* flies
 Above the clouds, above the starry skies;
 Unnumber'd beauties strike his ravish'd soul,
 Beneath his feet the radiant planets roll;
 Hence mirthful pleasure fills the groves and plains,
Pan and the Dryad Nymphs, and rural swains:
 The Wolf no more in wily ambush lies,
 And toils no more the gentle Deer surprize;
 Destructive wars and proud contentions cease,
 For *Daphnis* ever was a friend to peace.
 Hark! the rough Mounts aloud their voices raise;
 The rocks rejoicing echo back his praise:

A God! the groves, the stately forest cry!
 A God! a God! the vocal hills reply!
 O! to thy people still propitious be,
 Four solemn altars here erected see,
 For *Phæbus* two, and *Daphnis* two for thee.
 Two cups of milk, and two of oil i'll bear,
 To grace thy altars each revolving year,
 And generous wines the festive board shall cheer.
 If winter, round the glowing hearth we'll meet;
 If summer, in some shady cool retreat,
Damætas then a jovial lay shall sing,
 And Lyctian *Ægon* make the vallies ring;
Alphesibæus too shall neatly trip
 The flowery green, and like a Satyr skip.
 These shall be thine, when to the Nymphs we pay
 Our annual vows, and when, with garlands gay,
 We lead the victim, and our fields survey.
 While boars o'er mountains shall delight to climb,
 While fish love streams, and bees delight in thyme,
 While whistling insects sip the dewy plain,
 Still shall thy honour, name, and praise remain.
 And as to *Bacchus*, and to *Ceres*, they
 Their annual rites and adoration pay,
 Duly the swains shall worship thee, and thou
 Shalt gracious hear and bind them to their vow.

M O P S U S.

What thanks for those sweet lays shall *Mopsus* find?
 Not the mild whispers of the southern wind,
 The seas, soft dashing on the beechy shore,
 Nor murm'ring riv'lets can delight me more.

M E N A L C A S.

First deign of me to take this slender reed,
 A small, 'tis true, but no ungrateful meed:
 This taught me *Corydon*, unhappy swain,
 And this,---whose sheep thus heedless roam the plain.

M O P S U S.

And let this sheep-crook by my friend be worn,
 Which brazen studs in beamy rows adorn:
 This fair *Antigenes* oft begg'd to gain,
 But all his beauty, all his prayers were vain.*

* These four last Lines are taken from Mr. BEATTIE'S Translation.



HICKERTHRIFT.

Per D. BAKER.

*Olim Caii et Gono. Coll. Cant. alumnus.**ILLE ego, qui molli nuper labefactus amore;**Carmina deflevi teneris placitura puellis,**Securus famæ et nil pulchræ laudis avarus;**Consilia in melius referens, nunc letor amarum**Excussisse jugum cervice; novoque furore**Afflatus; non jam Venerem, sed fervida Martis**Arma virumque cano; patriam qui primus ab hoste**Eripuit, capitisque sui discrimine, pestem**Depulite à sociis; magnum et memorabile factum:**Nostra suas digne laudes si dicere possit,**Musa, nec ingenium superent certamina tanta.**Non procul urbe jacet Lennâ, ditissima frugum**Et pecorum regio, veteros haud nomine vano**Quippe mari juxta, madidam dixere palustram.**Oceani, ut prohibent, creptam faucibus olim*

Ro-



HICKERTHRIFT.

A MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

I Who e'er while, dissolv'd in soft'ning love,
 Sung such smooth lays as please the tender Fair :
 Of fame regardless, and averse to praise ;
 Quick rousing from my lethargy, elate
 That having shook the irksome bondage off,
 And deep-inspired with new poetic flame,
 Now, not of *Venus*, but of glowing arms ;
 Of deeds immortal, and the godlike youth
 Who first essay'd to free his native clime
 And fellow-swains, at hazard of his life,
 From the dread rage of Giant-fury ; Sing :
 If not abash'd at so sublime a theme ;
 And heavenly *Clio* deign to grace my song.

Not far from *Lynn*, a wealthy country lies,
 For corn and cattle fam'd ; of old, and aptly,
 Since the ocean laves it, *Marston* call'd.
 This land, as some report, in elder times,
 From the rude jaws of greedy Ocean snatch'd,

P

The

*Romani valido cinxerunt aggere terram,
 Quam sumptu nimio magnoque labore nepotæ
 Sufficiunt, pelagique minas tale arte repellant.
 Ni facerent, ruptis subito, sua jura reposcens
 Irrueret partis; pecudesque domosque per undas
 Spargeret; atque iterum, qua nunc armenta vagantur,
 Pasceret immanes Prôteus sub gurgite phocas.*

*Hujus ad occiduum fundit se plurima partem
 Planicies, spatium lateque extenditur amplo.
 Vere novo, quando aura tepet, Zephyrique benignæ
 Aspirant, flores varios et graminis herbam
 Sponte sua felix, nulloque subacta Colono
 Fundit humus, pariter nares et lumina pascens.
 Hic, jucunda apibus, Cerinthe; hic aurea floret
 Primula, quæque nives superant candore, recentes
 Lilia, cum violis et purpureo Narcisso:
 Hos inter vario pecudes certamine ludunt,*

The *Romans* with a mighty rampire girt,
 Which their posterity, with vast expence
 And toil assiduous, keep in good repair,
 And thus the threatnings of the sea repel;
 Which, shou'd they once neglect, in furious haste,
 Its antient rights requiring, strait impetuous,
 Thro' the widen'd breaches, in wou'd rush
 The sea loud-bellowing, and in triumph overwhelm
 Their herds and buildings in the liquid main;
 And thus, where now the peaceful oxen stray,
 Again wou'd *Proteus* drive his scaly herd
 To feed enormous! in the briny gulph,

Hence to the West extends a spacious plain,
 Which in the youth of Spring, when Zephyrs breath
 Benign, refreshing, and the fanning gale
 With kindly warmth unlocks the frozen year,
 Puts forth its various flowers in gay attire,
 Fertile untill'd, and clothes the earth with grass,
 At once delightful to the smell and sight.
 Here honey-suckles, grateful to the bee,
 The golden primrose, and the lilly fresh,
 With snow in whiteness vying, sweetly join
 With purple violets to adorn the plain.
 'Mid those the num'rous herd in wanton play,

*Innocuæ pascuntur oves; pulchræque juvencæ
 In fera sollicitant animosos prælia tauros.
 Lambit cum glauca præcinctus arundine ripas
 OUSA pater; pecori qui fundit pocula læto.
 Denique tota nitet; cælo gratissima, et omnes
 Exuperant longe terras: Jam frigida Tempe
 Amplius haud jactent authores carmine, jamque
 Desinat Elysios mirari Græcia campos.*

*Ast olim deserta situ, multoque jacebat
 Obruta squallore, et sylvestribus horrida dumis,
 Nec pecori pastum, nec iter præbebet eunti.
 Quippe ferunt illic, si rite audita recordor,
 Immanem sibi speluncas possuisse Gigantem,
 Exortum ut memorant, sævorum sanguine fratrum
 Qui conjurati cælum rescindere, montes
 Montibus augebant, donec dubitare Deum rex,
 Inciperet, pulsus nam conscius ille parentis,*

Frisk o'er the chearful meads, and bleating sheep
 Along the vallies graze; while fair to view
 The youthful heifer moves to adverse fight
 Two bulls, fierce struggling for the beauteous prize.
 His banks thick-set with sea-green reeds, the *Quize*,
 Majestic Sire! winds thro' the meads, and yields
 Delicious streams to glad the thirsty flock.
 In fine, the whole a glorious scene displays,
 E'en to the face of Heaven; and every land
 In every clime excels: No more shall Bards
 Of cooling *Tempe* form poetic boasts;
 And *Greece* shall vaunt her fabled shades no more.

Yet once those meads a pathless desert lay,
 Which, fill'd with thorns and prickly briars, gave
 Nor food to beasts nor to the swain a way:
 For there, if I the legend right record,
 They say, a Giant, vast, immane, and fierce,
 Fix'd his dread seat, and fill'd a gloomy cave:
 A savage monster: One, as Fame reports,
 From the fell blood of those stern brethren sprung,
 Whose pride aspiring to attack the skies,
 And scale the walls of Heaven, with hellish strength
 High pil'd on mountains mountains, 'till e'en *Jove*
 Began to pause! as conscious of his crime,

His

Ne cælum eriperent, male partaque regna timebat.

Non glebam rastris domuit, nec pascere tauros;

Lanigerosue greges agitare, hirtasue capellas

Cura fuit; verum, ex alieno vivere; fidens

Viribus ipse suis, operasque solebat agrestum

Diripere immitis, et opimas vertere prædas.

Ob! quoties lætas segetes, sua vota, Colonus

Calcari vidit, vel in horrea abire Tyranni!

Ab! quoties abigi taurorum corpora pastor

Balantumque greges, abjecta flevit avenâ!

Diffugiunt populi confestim et dulcia linquunt

Arva, nec assuetis sese committere ripis

Audent; sed longis repetunt ambagibus urbes,

Qua via tuta patet. Tantis timor occupat omnes!

Non tulit hoc monstrum nec de regione viarum.

Deflecti notâ voluit Mavortius Heros;

Angli-

His fire ejected and his throne usurped;
 And fear'd for Heav'n, and for his ill-got realms.
 He nor with rake subdued the stubborn glebe,
 Nor fed the lowing kine: His only care
 With hands rapacious was to seize the flocks,
 And bear them trembling to his gloomy den.
 Thus, in his strength confiding, did he live
 By force and rapine, while the dear-earn'd fruits
 Of honest toil, he term'd his noblest spoils.
 Alas! how oft the swain, with tearful eye,
 Has seen his joyful crops, the highest sum
 Of all his wishes, and his only hope,
 Trod on, or hal'd into the tyrant's den.

How oft the shepherd, on his oaten reed,
 Has plain'd in mournful strains of oxen lost,
 And bleating lambkins ravish'd from his fold?
 In haste the people flee, and instant leave
 Tho' with reluctance, their beloved fields;
 Nor dare the beaten track: With trembling steps,
 By artful windings, to the town they hie,
 Where safe the passage leads: Such pannic fear
 Seizes on all, and such the general dread.

Not so our Hero, *England's* boasted pride,
 Bore with the monster's insolence, or mov'd
 One single inch aside the beaten path.

Well

Angligenum decus : ipsum Hicathrist cognomine dicunt.

Hic patriæ damnis, laudumque cupidine tactus,

Accipit ingentes animos, in utrumque paratus;

Seu terris, modo dii saveant, avertère pestem

Infandam ; seu presenti succumbere morti.

At non armatus clypeo, non ille bipennem

Cælatam tulit argento, galeamve nitentem

Aptavit capiti, neque sic ad prælia venit ;

Sed vultum aurigæ induitur vocemque coloremque,

Et crassum filo sagulum ; manibusque flagellum

Increpitans ; egit deserta per arvia plaustrum.

Sic prodibat, equos sonituque manuque laceffans,

Castigatque moras ; vocem cum protinus hæstæ

Ætneus frater ; latq̃ qui forte sub antro

Carpebat somnos ; epulis expletus inemptis.

Quin statim exiit, telumque immane coruscans,

Ingens arboreum, quod vix ceruice subirent

Well known by name of *Hickathrift* ! a name
 Glorious, and fit eternally to live :
 Rouz'd by his country's wrongs and thirst of fame,
 His soul for either fate was well prepar'd,
 Whether by Heaven's decree to rid the earth
 Of this dire pest, or fall by instant death.

But not with buckler arm'd, or glittering ax,
 With silver plate emboss'd, or shining helmet
 Fasten'd on his head ; the youth advanc'd,
 But with the voice, the gesture, and the hue
 That suits an honest carman : on his back
 A thick warm doublet, and in hand a whip,
 Which ever and anon, with sprightly glee,
 He smack'd triumphant, while he drove his cart
 Brisk and undaunted thro' the devious way.

Thus on he dauntless drives ; for what reck's he ?
 With whip and whistle menaging his team ;
 Now fast now slow ; when soon his jovial voice
 Disturbs the Giant ; who perchance, well fill'd
 With unbought dainties, snor'd within his den.

He instant rose, and issuing forth his cave,
 With brandish'd weapon of unweildy size ;
 A massy oak, which on their necks fix youths

Q

Of

*Sex juvenes lecti, puero obveniebat inermi,
Quem prior aggreditur dictis, sicque increpat ultra.*

" Quisquis es, audacem qui nostra ad mœnia gressum

" Dirigis, et placidam turbasti voce quietem,

" Haud impune feres : hæc te mox virga docebit,

" Sed nimium serò, nostrum irritare furorem.

" Ab demens ! quæ te ceperunt tœdia vitæ ?

" Huc ades, ut primo contusum verbere corpus

" Projiciam canibus, nigroque fluentia tabo

" Membra feræ rapiant volucres, et viscera lambant."

Sic ait insultans, dextraque hastilia quassat

Horrida, ex oculis creber micat acribus ignis.

Ast Hicathrift vultum horrendum, vocesque superbas,

Miratus stupet, atque oculos per singula volvit,

Nunc latos humeros, magna ossa, pedumque columnas,

Nunc

Of chosen vigour, scarcely could sustain,
 Bursts on the daring youth, defenceless, and
 With many a curse and angry threat began.

“ Whoe’er thou art, that thus directs thy course
 “ With steps audacious, to my awful feat,
 “ And with thy noise hast broke my soft repose;
 “ Be well assured thou goest not hence unpaid:
 “ This little twig shall teach thee, but too late,
 “ To rouse my deadly rage. What! mad’ning boy,
 “ Art thou so sick of life, this way that I
 “ With one flight stroke may crush thee to a marsh;
 “ Throw forth thy mangled carcase to the dogs,
 “ While birds of prey shall tear thy batter’d limbs,
 “ Stain’d with black gore, nor leave thy bowels whole.”

Thus speaks he vaunting, and with mighty arm
 High rears his fearful weapon in the air,
 While fire quick sparkling, issues from his eyes.
 Struck with his savage mein and boastful threats,
 The youth at first astonish’d, o’er each limb
 His eyes with wonder rolls, whilst his huge head,
 His arms, his shoulders, with his massy bones,
 And legs that seem’d like columns, all by turns

Nunc caput aspiciens torvum, aurosq̃ue lacertos.

Tum sic intrepidus. "Quis te miser impie vanas

"Edocuit jactare minas, nondumque peracto

"Bello, immaturos temerie celebrare triumphos!

"Si genus humanum temnas, at magna potestas

"Te cæli moveat, non huc sine numine divum

"Advenio vindex, quos tu scelerate malignis

"Exagitas odiis, lentosque impellis ad iras.

"Quo moriture ruis? nec te tua dextra, nec te

"Eripiet spelunca, alto submota recessu."

Dixit, et evertit plaustrum, levâque revulsam

Corripuit, mora nulla, rotam, dextramque replevit

Pro gladio, non hos axis fabricatus in usus.

Jamque ineunt pugnas, extemplo arrectus uterque

Constitit in digitos et brachia tollit ad auras;

Inque vicem cadunt, miscentur et ictibus ictus.

Mobilitate puer superabat, viribus impar,

His still attention fix'd; 'till keenly rous'd,
 He thus intrepid, " Who has taught thee, wretch!
 " In empty threats to spend thy impious breath,
 " And e'er the fight's begun in triumph vaunt:
 " If man thou heed'st not, yet at least revere
 " The powers of Heaven, with whose protection arm'd,
 " I come thy just chastiser: Those dread powers!
 " Whom thou, curst fiend! with hellish hate, and deeds
 " Beyond conception horrid, dost provoke,
 " And rouse their sleeping thunders on thy head:
 " Where, now devoted, flyest thou? nor thy strength,
 " Thou boasts so much of, nor thy den, remote
 " From light and day, shall shield thee from my rage."
 He ended; furious, and with added strength
 Upturn'd the heavy wain; then whilst his left
 Quick seiz'd a ravish'd wheel, the axle, form'd
 For ends far different, arm'd his right for war:
 And now they close for fight, when instant both
 Stand firm, erect, and raise their arms in air;
 Then urged by fell revenge and equal hate,
 Down on their bones the tempest rattling falls,
 Like pointed thunder: Strokes commix with strokes.
 In brisk activity the youth excell'd,
 In strength and size unequal; whilst his foe,

Less

Arte minor, sed mole Gigas membrisque valebat.

Heu! quantas dedit ille minas, et vulnera frendens

Irrita! quippe rotæ clypeo promptissimus Heros

Excipit objecto, numerataque reddidit axe.

Attoniti longe tauri stanta; furta tyranni,

Immemor herbarum stat bucula, prælia longe

Horrescens, retro fugit ipse exterritus amnis.

Anceps pugna diu, nec cui fortuna faveret

Certum, sed nunc hic melior, nunc ille vicissim.

At puero tandem lætis Victoria pennis

Advolat, et curas solvit. Vim suscitât ira

Atque iram pudor; et tam segnis palma pudorem

Suffundit cupienti: Ergo amens vulnere denso

Hostem conturbat; trepidumque agit æquore toto.

Nec mora, nec requies, Quam multi littora fluctus

Less skill'd and artful, plac'd his hopes in bulk,
 Good Gods! how many vain attempts he made,
 And gnash'd his teeth, and laid about in vain!
 For quick our Hero, on the wheel, oppos'd
 Instead of shield, received the coming blows,
 And with his axle paid them faithful back.
 Astonish'd at a distance stand the herds,
 The tyrant's thefts; unmindful of her food
 The heifer trembling at a distance views
 The horrid contest; back the river shrinks,

Long was the battle dubious, nor to whom
 Decreed the conquest, clear; as now the one
 Was far superior; far the other now:
 At length, bright gleaming thro' the liquid air,
 On sounding pinnions borne, *Victoria* flies,
 Lights on the youth, and all his cares are lost.
 Rage kindles all his powers, and shame his rage;
 Nor cou'd his manly spirit longer brook
 A doubtful vict'ry, or so flow a palm.
 Foaming and wrath, he like a tempest falls
 On his astonish'd foe; puts him to flight,
 And drives him trembling o'er the spacious plain.
 No stop, no stay; for as the madding sea
 In waves tempestuous beat against the shore,

Such!

Insani feriunt, Hicabrist tot fortiter ictus
Sparsit, utraque manu pugnans, fuditque Gigantem.
Ac velut annosam siquis de montibus ornum
Eruat aut quercum, nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc,
Et tandem crebris cadit icta securibus arbor,
Dant gemitum campi; vasto sic pondere Cyclops
Concidit, et rabido tellurem dente momordit.
Accurrit juvenis lapsa, et vi feravidus instat,
Congeminatque ictus, fuso simul arva cerebro
Inficit; ast illi solvuntur frigore membra
Atque anima horrificum pavitans descendit in orbem.



Such were the blows of *Hickathrift*, who dealt
Them fierce, incessant, till the Giant drop'd.

As when some hind an aged mountain-ash
Uproots, or oak, now this now that way waves
Its ponderous top, till down it comes, and deep
The vallies groan with such enormous weight;
Down dropp'd the fiend, and raging champ'd the dust.

Up hastes the youth, and glowing o'er him stands;
Redoubles every stroke, till the wide mead
Was stain'd and spatter'd with his flowing brains:
Death chill'd his limbs, and his affrighted soul
Fled pale and trembling to the shades below.



PROLOGUE to *Perfius's Satires*

TRANSLATED.

NE'ER did I taste the fam'd *Aonian* stream,
 Or on the heights of cleft *Parnassus* dream,
 That thus, inspir'd with true poetic flame,
 I start a candidate for Wit and Fame.
Pyrene's fount and every Muse I leave
 To those whose brows the incircling ivy wreath:
 No wondrous magic boasts my moral song,
 To charm the groves or list'ning woods along;
 Honest tho' rude I pen my artless line,
 And suppliant bear it to *Apollo's* shrine.
 Who taught the parrot or the chattering pie
 With human sounds in mimic notes to vie?
 Of arts that master, and that mine of wit
 The Belly! *Labeo*!--*Labeo* starv'd and---writ.
 Ingenious hunger lack of sense supplies,
 And gives what Nature niggardly denies.
 Thus if the glittering silver take their eyes,
 Crows shall be bards and poetesses pies:
 Elusive gold shall prompt the unmeaning line,
 And self-opinion stamp the work divine.

From

From P E R S I U S.

*Cum primum pavidos custos mihi purpura cessit,
 Bullaque succinctis laribus donata, pependit:
 Cum blandi comites, totaque impune Suburrâ
 Permisit sparsisse oculos jam candidus umbo:
 Cumque iter ambiguum est; et, vitæ nescius, Error,
 Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes;
 Me tibi supposui: teneros tu suspicis annos
 Socratico, cornute, sinu: tunc fallere solers
 Apposita intortos offendit regula mores;
 Et premitur ratione animus, vincitque laborat,
 Artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum.*

T R A N S L A T E D.

When first aside I laid the infant vest,
 The purple-guardian of my tender breast;
 When boon companions and the flowing gown,
 Gave me to rove with licence thro' the town;
 Young, unexperienced, left without controul,
 To every madding impulse of the soul:
 When Error, ignorant of life, betrays
 Each wavering mind into her mazy ways,
 I gave myself to you; you kind carest'd
 My tender years in your Socratic breast:

R 2

Then

Then the nice rule of human conduct learn'd,
 Prompt to deceive and hard to be discern'd;
 To my convicted soul its follies shew'd,
 Which strait reclaim'd and strove to be subdu'd:
 Your forming care my erring thoughts refin'd,
 And stamp'd fair Virtue's image on my mind.

CSX*Y2D*CSX*Y2D*CSX*Y2D**CSX*Y2D**CSX*Y2D*CSX*Y2D*CSX*Y2D

*Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
 Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.*

IMITATED,

From OVID's Epistle of SAPPHO to PHAON.

I.

IF beauty like his own, must *Phaon* move,
 In vain a Goddess sues for *Phaon's* love.

II.

If equal charms alone can love impart,
 No charms will ever soften *Phaon's* heart.

III.

If she alone must hope to fill his arms,
 Who charms like *Phaon*; who can boast such charms?

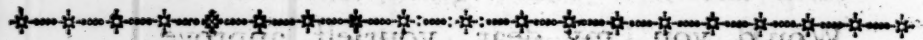
Advice

Advice to CELIA.

FOR once gay *Celia* must excuse
 The freedom of *Amanda's* mu
 Aside lay every light caprice,
 And listen to some grave advice :
 Wou'd you, my dear, yourself approve
 Worthy esteem and solid love,
 On Reason's surer basis rise,
 And trust not all to brilliant eyes :
 In vain fair Beauty's queen you shine,
 Unless my *Celia* too incline
 Each thought each action to refine :
 A nice reserve, a modest state,
 At once respect and love create ;
 Looks graceful or in wife or maid,
 And makes the fop and fool afraid ;
 On such a cold reserve bestow,
 To keep their pride and folly low.
 With men of worth good sense prevails,
 And native sweetness never fails ;
 Nor will a gay or lively air
 Render you to such less dear,

Yet

While youthful smiles and sprightly wit
To reason's just restraints submit.
Yet guard with care the lively hour;
Monarchs by state preserve their power:
Like theirs should all your conduct be,
Not too reserved, nor yet too free.



DAMON and CELIA. A SONG.

In Imitation of HORACE and LYDIA.

D A M O N.

WHILE pleasing I seem'd in your eye,
Nor a youth more endearing was found,
More favour'd to breath the fond sigh,
Or twine your fair bosom around.
Inraptur'd I danc'd on the plain,
Inraptur'd I sung thro' the grove,
Not *Persia's* grand monarch cou'd reign
So happy as *Damon* cou'd love.

C E L I A.

While *Damon* his *Celia* preferr'd
To all the gay nymphs of the throng,
While her name before *Chloe's* was heard
The burden and theme of his song,

Thy

Thy *Celia* distinguished in fame,
Then flourish'd contented and bless'd;
More proud to be counted thy flame,
Than acknowledg'd as Queen of the East.

D A M O N.

Now wholly my *Chloe's* am I,
Such power has beauty to prove,
For her I wou'd venture to die;
To shew with what ardour I love.

C E L I A.

To my *Colin's* embraces I fly,
Who loves me with fervour and truth,
For him I would twice dare to die,
Wou'd Heaven but spare the sweet Youth.

D A M O N.

But what if our loves shou'd return
And bring me once more to your arms,
If for *Cloe* no longer I burn
No longer am blind to your Charms?

C E L I A.

Then were *Colin* more bright than a Star,
More changeable you than the Main,
I wou'd not one Moment defer;
But fly to be *Damon's* again.

On

On the Marriage of the KING and QUEEN.

A S O N G.

I.

BRITONS exult your Voices raise,
To Heaven resound the vocal lay,
See watchful Angels, even Angels burn to praise,
This blest event and happy day,
Join then in Chorus, in chorus join and sing,
Britannia's glorious Queen and King.

II.

If ours till now has stood confest,
An Isle immortal in renown,
How will its future days be blest,
Since worth and beauty grace the crown.

III.

See ! see ! from Ocean's deep domain,
Fair *Albion's* guardian goddess rise,
And whilst ten thousand grace her train
Their joyful accents rend the skies.

IV.

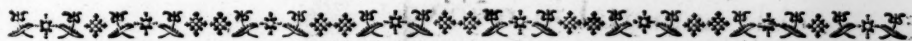
Jove's tuneful daughters from above,
Descend to bless the royal pair,
Fair *Venus* Queen of smiles and love,
Hither wings her iv'ry car.

V.

Hark! *Phœbus* tunes the warbling lyre,
Effulgent radiance round them beam,
A band of Cupids join the choir,
And *George* and *Charlotte* are their theme.

VI.

Great *George* victorious thou shalt reign
Sole Monarch both by land and sea.
While thy fair *Charlotte*'s race remain
Dear to *Albion*, all like thee.
Rule Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.



The INGENUOUS CONFESSION.

A SONG.
I.
WHEN *Damon*, the lovely, the gay, and sincere,
First whisper'd his soft soothing tale in my ear,
My soul from that moment in secret took part
In his love, and unweeting---I gave him my heart.

S

I

II.

I shall never forget, in his bright winning mein,
What true satisfaction and pleasure was seen,
When pressing me strongly his pain to remove,
And say, "If I loved him," I answer'd--- "I love."

III.

He charm'd with my frankness in extasy flew
To my arms, and declar'd he wou'd ever be true;
That no time, place, or fortune, shou'd make him remiss
And seal'd his dear words with a delicate kiss.

IV.

Can you blame me, then Virgins, for granting his suit,
When my *Damon* was pleading what maid cou'd be
mute?

He won me, we married, and since I have prov'd,
That I ne'er shall repent of confessing---I lov'd.



A

DISCOURSE

UPON THE

FALL, and REDEMPTION;

Design'd for

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

- “ Of Man's first Disobedience, and the Fruit
“ Of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
“ Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
“ With loss of *Eden*, till *one greater Man*
“ *Restore us*, and *regain* the blissful Seat,
“ Sing heavenly Muse

MILTON.

IPSWICH:

Printed by E. CRAIGHTON and W. JACKSON.

1847

DISCOURSE

UPON THE

FALL AND REDEMPTION

CHRISTMAS DAY



1847

Printed by E. Cassin and W. Jackson

A

D I S C O U R S E

Upon the FALL, &c.

P S A L M 97. Part of the First Verse.

*The Lord is King, let the Earth rejoice; let the multitude of
Isles be glad thereof.*

IN the Beginning, when the Lord, the supreme fountain of Beneficence and Love, had been pleased to call this Earth, with its circumambient Heaven, from non-existence into light and being; and had replenished it with every thing necessary to make it a comfortable and even a delightful abode;--an habitation suitable to the dignity of a Creature made after his Own image and likeness; then, and not till then, out of the *dust* of the *ground* indeed, but with the skill of infinite wisdom, created he *Man*, male and female; breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, endued him with rational powers, (the transcript and image of his Own perfection) and he became a
living

living soul. Nor stopped his goodness here; the Lord God planted a Garden in a chosen spot, for man's peculiar residence; out of whose fertile soil, he caused to grow every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food! and in this enchanting PARADISE; this loveliest scene of the visible Creation, he placed our first grand parents---*to dress and keep it.* Here God blessed them, and said unto them, ---*Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth on the earth: --- Of every tree of the garden also thou mayest freely eat:* But lest, thus blest and happy, thou shouldest one time or other, in the rolling periods of future duration, grow vain and forgetful; that thou may'st remember who it was that thus hath raised thee from nothing, and not be unmindful of the reverence due to him, from whom thou hast thy All! one small injunction,--one trivial command, it will be just and necessary to lay thee under; which keep and live for ever: *Of every tree therefore of the garden thou mayest freely eat:* But, observe the unalterable decree; *of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which I have set, as the pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die!*

Here then, might they have lived, conjoin'd in the tenderest bond of *collateral* affection and dearest amity! in the soft, blest union both of heart and mind, mutually loving and beloved; sole Lords and Rulers of the World and their posterity under Heaven! might have lived in all tranquillity and real pleasure; in want of nothing they could justly ask for, or wish to be possessed of: and what was most delightful of all, and turned
Para-

Paradise into Heaven itself--- might have frequently enjoined the Divine converse and animating presence of their Maker; till after a sufficient trial and probation of their integrity and submission to the divine decree *here*, God would at length have been pleased to take them to himself, and translate them, *without the pains of death*---to Heaven!

And now, ---- was not this transcendent Goodness? did it not call for the warmest, the most ardent thanks and praises from Man to his generous and benign Benefactor? If of all the innumerable blessings shed around him, with such liberal and unsparing munificence, none was with-held from his desire but *one*; and that merely for the sake of proving his integrity and faith; did not such amazing goodness call aloud to reason for returns of gratitude in obedience and thanksgiving, and the most strict observance of so reasonable a command?--There was but one thing they could offend in! but one injunction to be disobeyed! the reason and necessity of which injunction, we have amply shewn above; and of this they had the earliest notice; were forewarn'd of the dreadful consequences of disobeying it; induced by *every* motive, and urged by *every* tie, respecting their Maker and themselves, that could influence the mind of man to observance! What more than this can their Benefactor do for them? Should they now transgress this just command, is it any way the fault of their Maker? or can they fairly lay the blame on any but themselves? They are *free*! nay *courted* to preserve their integrity! and should they fall, the imputation is all their own; at least, no want of care to preserve them, but absolute force, which is utterly inconsistent with the Free-agency of man, can be charged on the Creator.

But

But here, --- the haughty *Lucifer*, the inveterate enemy of God, and consequently of man; whose pride of old aspiring to be *above all that is call'd mighty!* who impiously fought, but prevail'd not, neither was his place found any more in Heaven: He, stirred up with envy and revenge, resolved to disturb at least, if not wholly to destroy, the felicity of this happy Pair; and by drawing them into rebellion against God! to plunge them, if possible, into a misery equal to his own!--- This the Almighty, no doubt, foresaw; and had done all in his power, but force, to prevent. This then was the *grand tryal*; and had they stood it, we had all been happy! The Infernal used not force, for that God did not permit; and had he used it, it had not answered his design; as the guilt had not then been theirs, but his.---He therefore made use of artifice and persuasion: a plan deeply laid indeed; but what they had power to have withstood, if they would: ---and doubtless they had all the reason in the world to have done so, as they knew the fatal consequence of transgression.---And the Serpent said unto the woman, *Is it true? hath God said, --- ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the Serpent,--We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree, which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the Serpent said unto the woman, O ignorant of Truth! poor deluded INNOCENCE! Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened: and ye shall be as Gods, knowing Good and Evil.* This is the weighty argument the *Fiend* made use of: And we have endeavour'd to give it all the force it will bear, without departing from the sense. Now, let us weigh
this

this specious argument, against those reasons the Mother of Mankind had to reject it. She had but that moment *repeated* to the Serpent, the express command of Him to whom she owed her being and her all, and that even with an additional circumstance.---She therefore could not plead, *she had forgot it*. She was certain of the blessings she then enjoy'd, and knew the reverence due to Him who bestowed them: She was sure of these; but what certainty had she of the thing proposed? the word of a creature, in appearance, so much below herself as to be her subject! and this, so far from being reasonable, that it had scarce the colour of plausibility. Nor deem that we speak this, to *degrade* our first Parents; but rather to justify the ways of God to man. Had any of their *descendants* had the same tryal, they might, and most likely had fallen the same: The crime they were guilty of, was the same with that of the Devil:---Rebellion against God their maker, and aiming to be his Equal. She look'd up, and saw it was a tree pleasant to the eye! and, as she had been told by the Serpent, a tree to be *desired* to make one *wife*; or to be as Gods! that is, as the Serpent impiously suggested, and as she as vainly believed, to be *equal to the Supreme!*

With this intention therefore, in direct and wilful violation of the just command of God, she took thereof, and *did eat*, and gave also to her husband *with her*, and *he did eat!*---Thus both, by their wilful transgression and foul revolt, from the *mild* command of their *Creator*, fell! a just sacrifice to *wild* ambition, and brought on *themselves*, and their *whole posterity*--the curse of God and the penalty of *eternal death!* *Cursed is*

*the ground, saith the ETERNAL, for thy sake: in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return: And the Lord God drove them forth from the Garden of Eden, as the signal of his incensed wrath and their sure destruction, into a world of woe and sorrow, to till the ground from whence they were taken! Alas! how dire a change! what desperate reverse of fortune! Man, made holy and upright by God, now, fallen from him, sinks from a blest and happy, into a miserable and cursed condition; of which Heaven and Earth, and his own wounded conscience, bore him witness! Thus become a Sinner, he is not only deprived of the image of the HOLY ONE; but, by just judgment, drove forth from his presence, and made liable to everlasting death. His former task in Eden,---to dress and keep it---to prune the luxuriance of a vine! or to mark the gradual opening of a rose!---this excepted, prayer was all his business, and all his labour praise! But now, to mortify indeed his *pride*, and lay his *ambition* in the *dust*! he is commanded, *to till the ground from which he sprung: and to labour, till he return to it again.**

To recover then! to raise him from this ruin! himself utterly incapable of doing it; what pitying Angel! what sympathetic love! will condescend to intercede in his behalf?---Say ye exalted Thrones! which of ye is *strong* to bear the *load*? which of ye dares to venture in his place! and sustain the weighty vengeance of an *offended Deity*?---But *mute* is the *Celestial Choir*! not one of all the Angelic Throng, thro' all the

the innumerable host of Heaven, even to the Throne of God, can now be found so bold, as to take the cause and abide the consequence! Though much they grieve his lot! tho' much they deplore his destiny! they tremble at the hazard of *his Redemption!* They see *Sin, Death, and Hell* let loose!--the *Poison* has begun its influence--it works---The blood of *Abel!* the righteous *Abel*, cries to Heaven for vengeance!--*Cain* becomes a second outcast! --- O gracious Heaven, exclaim they, where ends this fearful scene! But fruitless is the sorrow of Angels: they cannot, were they willing, redeem man from his misery.---A sacrifice more noble must atone the vile transgression: our help must depend solely upon God; who, however grievously offended, is yet mighty to forgive! What! tho' Sin be spread abroad! tho' the powers of Hell combine, and inly triumph at their imagined victory over God and man! yet, *the Lord*, and blessed be his name, *is King*, let the *Earth* therefore rejoice: let the multitude of the *Isles* be glad thereof; for he himself shall visit and redeem his people. The *darkness* of *malevolence* has done its *worst*,---it has triumphed over human frailty! but triumphed only to experience encrease of torment. The Fiend, thus far allowed to rage!--thus far permitted to disclose his steadfast hate and fixed implacability to God and Goodness, shall now be made confess, how far superior, *Divine Love* can soar, above *infernal Rancour!* ----- Behold! from the battlements of Heaven Righteousness looks down!--the SECOND PERSON of the ADORABLE TRINITY---the beloved Son of God, whom he hath appointed heir of all things! by whom also he made the world! the brightness of his Glory, and the express image of his Person! leaves the

bosom of his Father!---He condescends, for us, to descend the skies---to take upon him flesh and blood---to dwell among us, and to call us Brethren!

HE comes! and with him a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, *Glory be to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, Good-will towards men. Hear O ye Nations, and give ear O ye People! unto you is born this day, in the city and of the lineage of David, a SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST, THE LORD.* The Son of God undertakes to satisfy his offended justice,---to repair our ruined nature---to renew the commerce between Heaven and Earth,---and to recover man, from a state of sin and eternal death, to a state of holiness and life eternal!---- This joyful tidings is proclaimed to the Shepherds in the fields! and to strike them yet more with wonder, they are directed to seek this new-born Prince by the following token, *Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in SWADDLING-CLOTHS and laying in a MANGER.*

At this time of our Saviour's appearance, the first man's Sin had spread its venom so widely thro' human nature, that nothing but our Redeemer's *incarnation and death*, could have preserved it: For thus the Prophet *Isaiah*,--*From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it: but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores.* And *Porphyrius*, a heathen, having laid this foundation, that----the supreme happiness of the soul is, *to see God!* and that it cannot see him unpurify'd; concludes,---that 'there must be a way for the *cleansing* of mankind: And proceeding to find it out, declares, 'that arts
' and

* and sciences serve but to set us right in the knowledge of
 * things, but cleanse us not enough to come to God.' He then
 proceeds to examine the methods of Expiation, or purging
 away of sins, made use of in his own Religion, and confesses
 them unequal to the task; because, says he, ' these things ex-
 * tend but to *some few*; whereas this cleansing ought to be
 * *universal*, and for the benefit of *all mankind*;' and at length
 resolves, that this cannot be done, but by one of the *Three-In-
 Beginnings*.---The word they used to express the TRINITY by.

Let us hear also what the divinest of the Heathens, *Socra-
 tes* and his disciple *Plato*, have delivered to admiration, and
 as it were, prophetically, to the same purpose, ---- ' That a
 * truly just man be evidenced, (says he) it will be necessary,
 * that he be spoiled of his ornaments, so that he must be counted
 * by others a wicked man;---be scoffed at---put in prison---
 * beaten---nay, be even *crucified*.' And surely, for him who
 was to appear the highest example of patience, it was neces-
 sary to undergo the highest tryal of it; namely, an undeserved
 death. This will be sufficient also to shew the reasonableness
 of CHRIST's humiliation and voluntary poverty. --- That the
 Lord of Heaven, who had legions of Angels at his command!
 now debased for us! bruised for our sins, and wounded for our
 transgressions; ---to wean our affections from the world, and
 shew us how little the riches of it are to be valued, would
 himself have no share in it. *The foxes have holes, and the birds
 of the air have nests! but the Son of Man hath not where to
 lay his head.*

* Thus

Thus did this pure and upright Being pass through life, blameless and holy; doing all manner of good, and bearing all kinds of evil and calumny; without anger and without complaint.---He was strengthened within from a prospect of that mighty Good he was procuring for a whole race of rational creatures---that inestimable benefit, which was to redound to all mankind,---to all *workers* of righteousness, and all true and sincere penitents, over the whole earth. For let us not weakly imagine, that the blessings of Redemption were confined only to *actual* believers: It is evident, both from Reason and Scripture, that they were universally to extend to all true penitents, whensoever existing, and wheresoever dispersed, thro' the whole world: For in every age, and in every nation, *they who feared God*, and wrought Righteousness, were sure to be accepted, thro' the merits of CHRIST, on *such conditions* as Providence should put in *their power*: That as, by *one* Man's transgression, Sin came into the world, and by Sin, Death, so, by *one* Man's obedience, All should be made alive. For this noble end then, *for the joy that is set before him*, CHRIST endures the Cross, *despising the shame*. To save undone Mankind, the Lord of Life expires on the accursed tree; rises from the Grave, victorious over DEATH and HELL! and, O for an Angel's pen!---wings HUMAN NATURE, *once more accepted*, to the throne of God, and opens the Kingdom of Heaven to all Believers.

Can it now be necessary, beloved, after what has been said, by *inferences*, to remind you of your duty? If there is a breast that does not expand with transport; an heart insensible of gratitude; were an Angel to descend from Heaven, it would
nought

nought avail.---Let us, therefore, my Brethren, as our bounden duty, for this inestimable blessing, with Angels and Arch-Angels, and with all the company of Heaven, laud and magnify his glorious Name, ever-more praising him, and saying, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory!---Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Most high. AMEN.*

F I N I S.

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thought available to me, I have not been able to find any more of the
same, for this remarkable blessing with Agnes and Arch-
Angels, and with all the company of heaven, land and sea,
and his glorious presence, ever with him, and saying
that, "For this reason, God of light, heaven and earth, and
all of the world, of the City, and of the Church, O Lord,
may light be with us."



